

SMASH

10¢

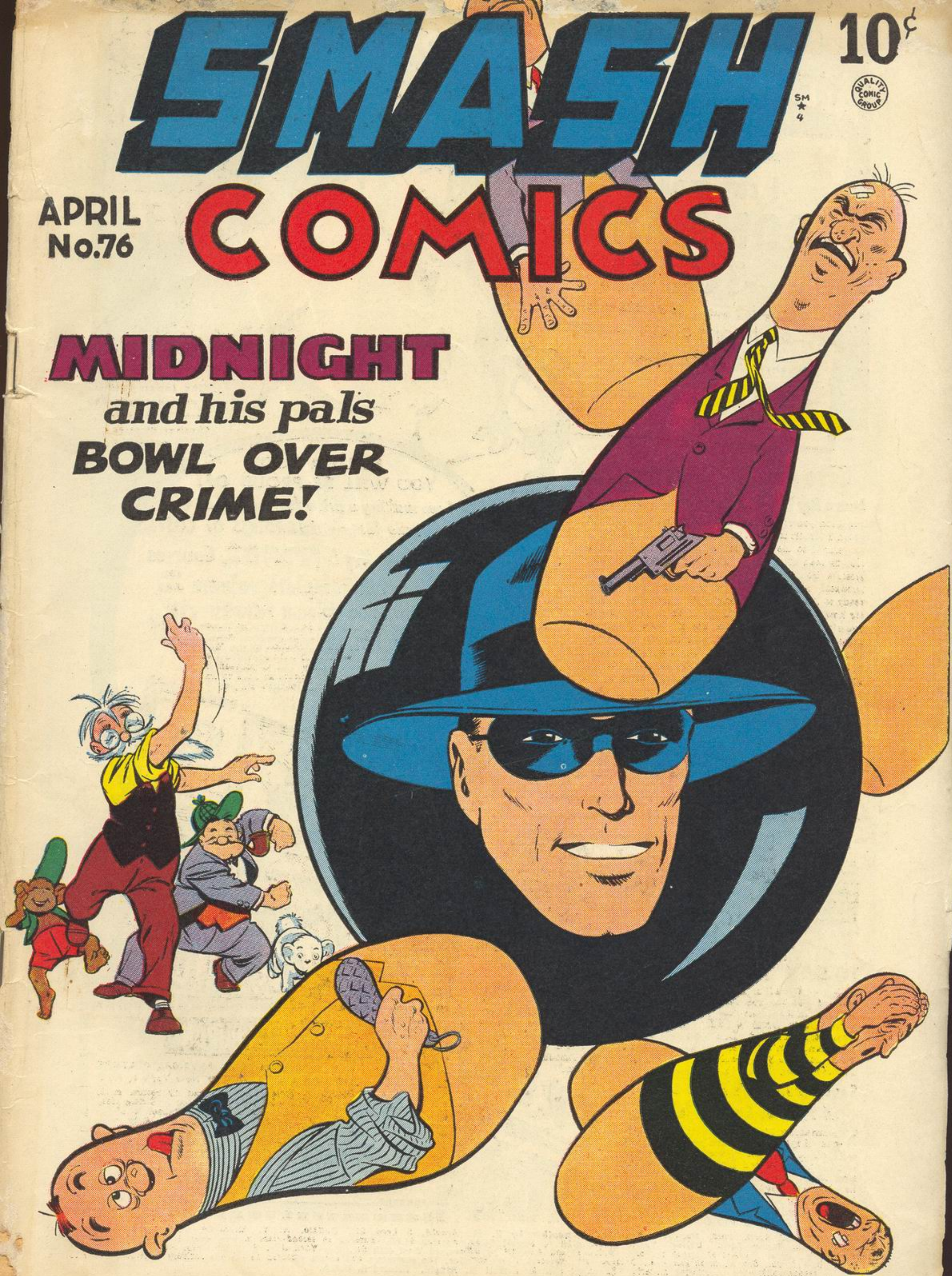


APRIL
No.76

COMICS

MIDNIGHT

and his pals
**BOWL OVER
CRIME!**





WEB COMIC
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NOW! ALL 5 FAMOUS JOWETT COURSES IN 1 COMPLETE MUSCLE BUILDING VOLUME!

FOR ONLY
25¢

AND MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

FREE!

MAKE ME PROVE—

I can make YOU
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inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

says *George F. Jowett*
whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



'The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!' says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man". Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

READ What These Famous Pupils Say About Jowett. Why Don't You Follow in Their Footsteps!

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Send for Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

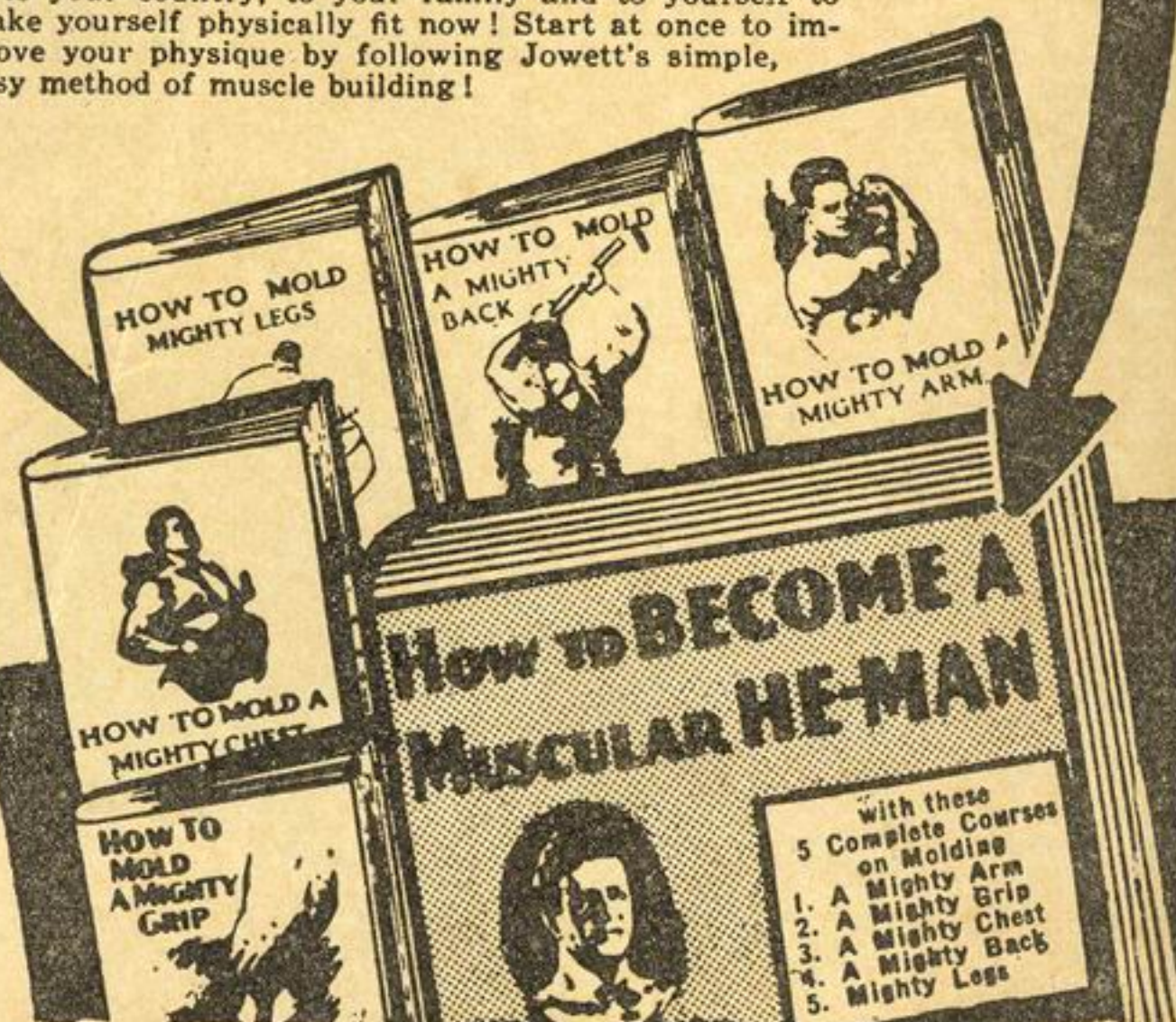
This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

FREE!



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YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!
I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST!
So Get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each) Muscle Building Courses
All in 1 great complete volume FOR ONLY

PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES! **25¢**
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George F. Jowett:—Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscle He-Man". Enclosed find 25c. NO C.O.D'S.

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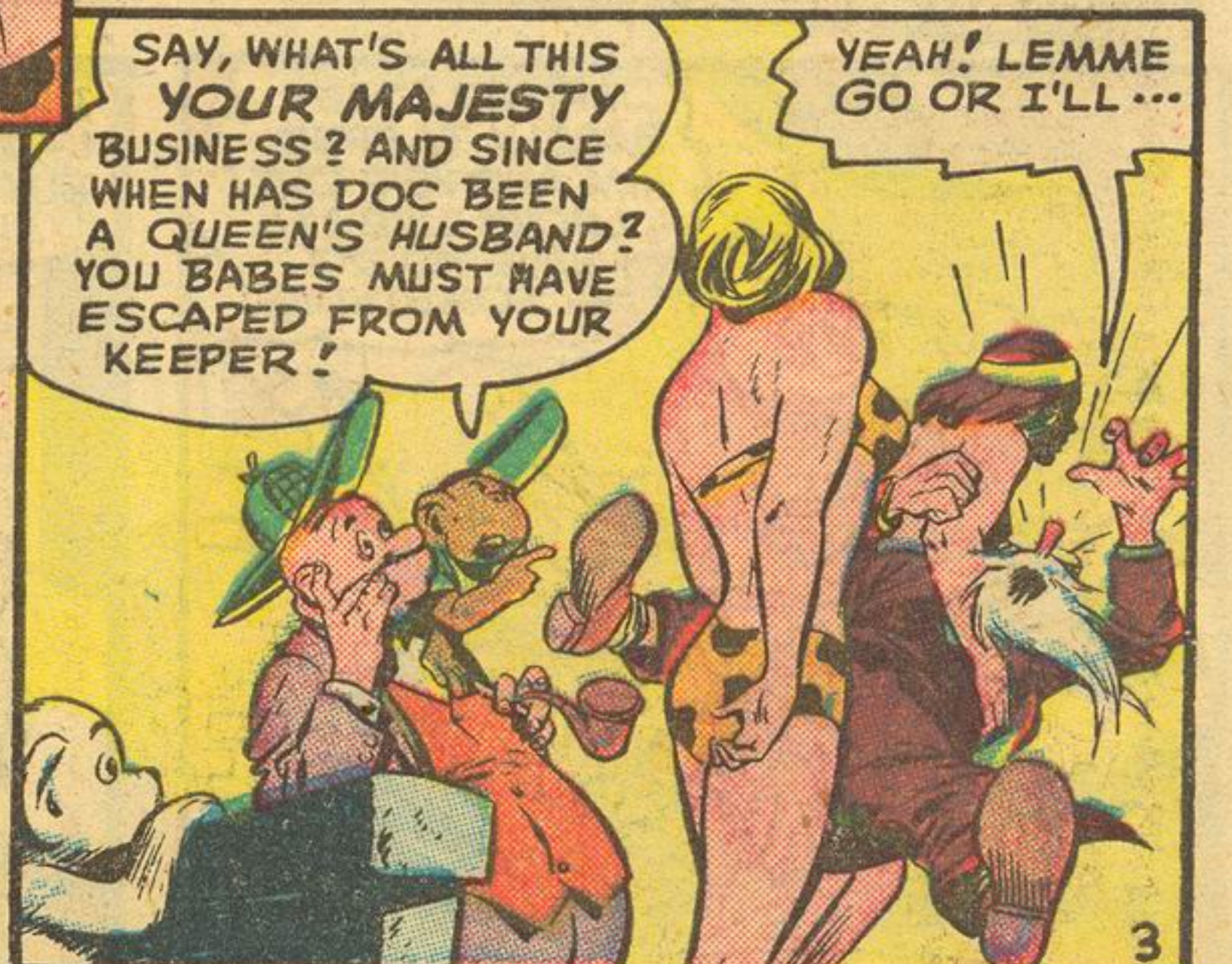
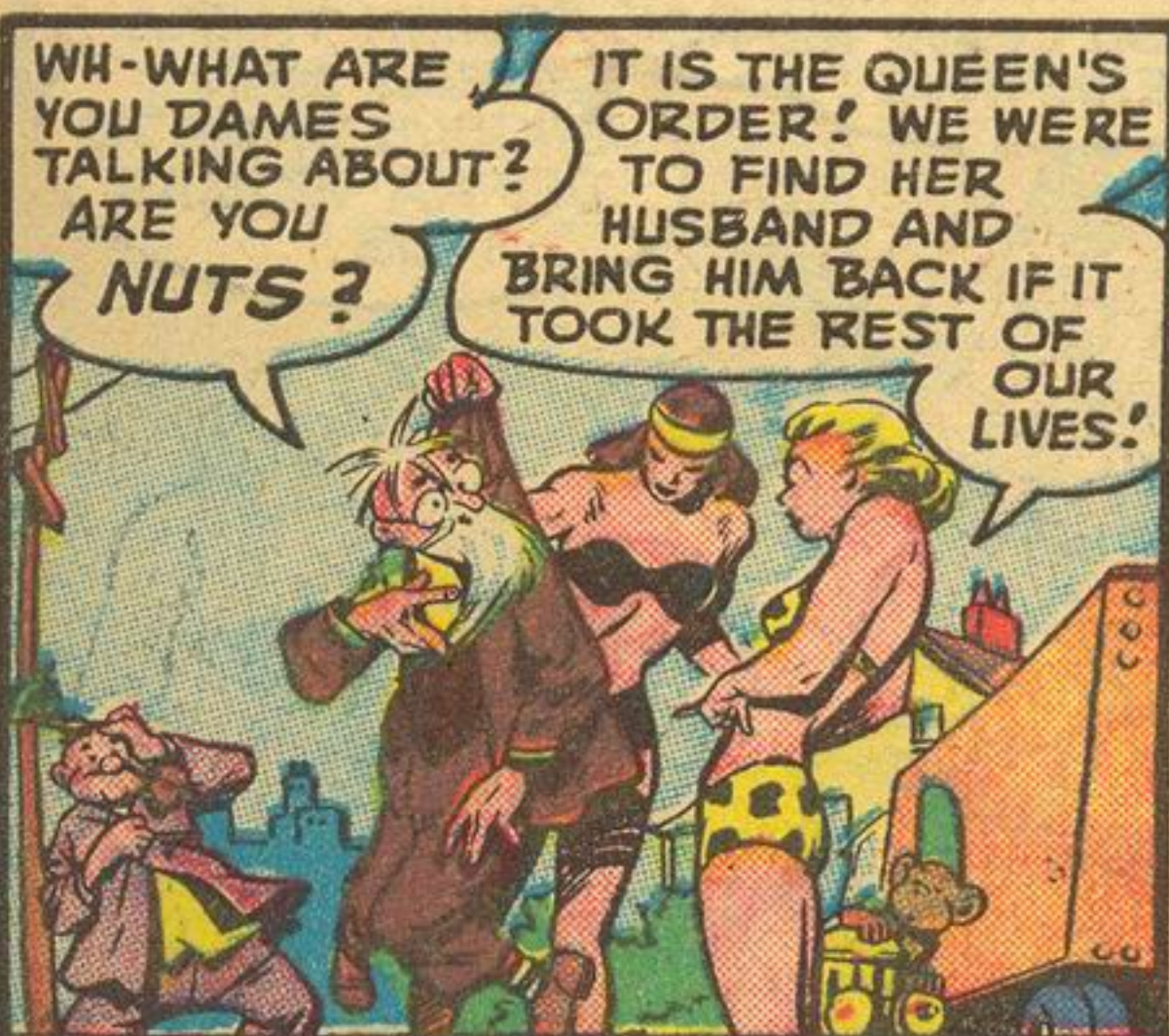
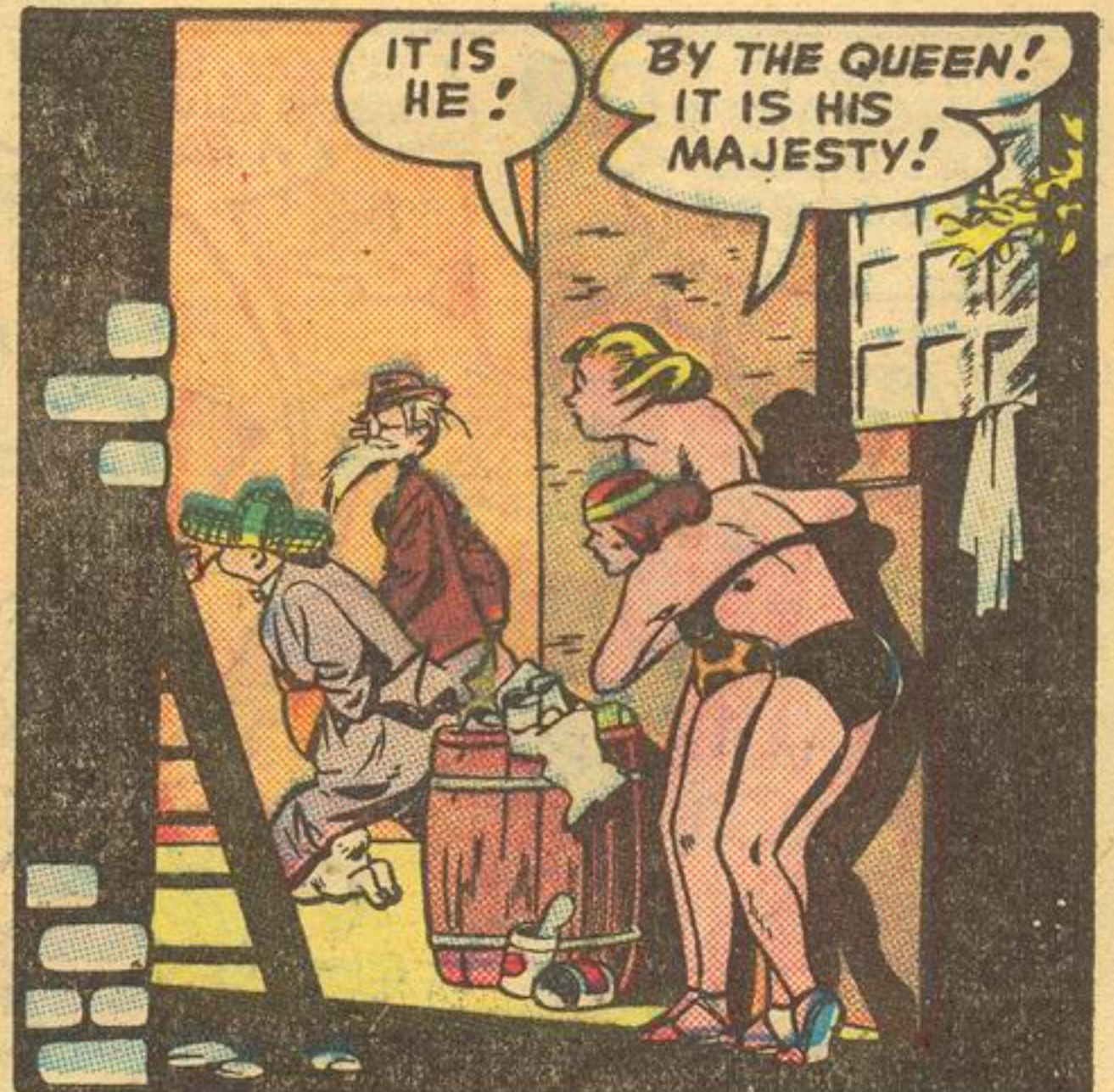
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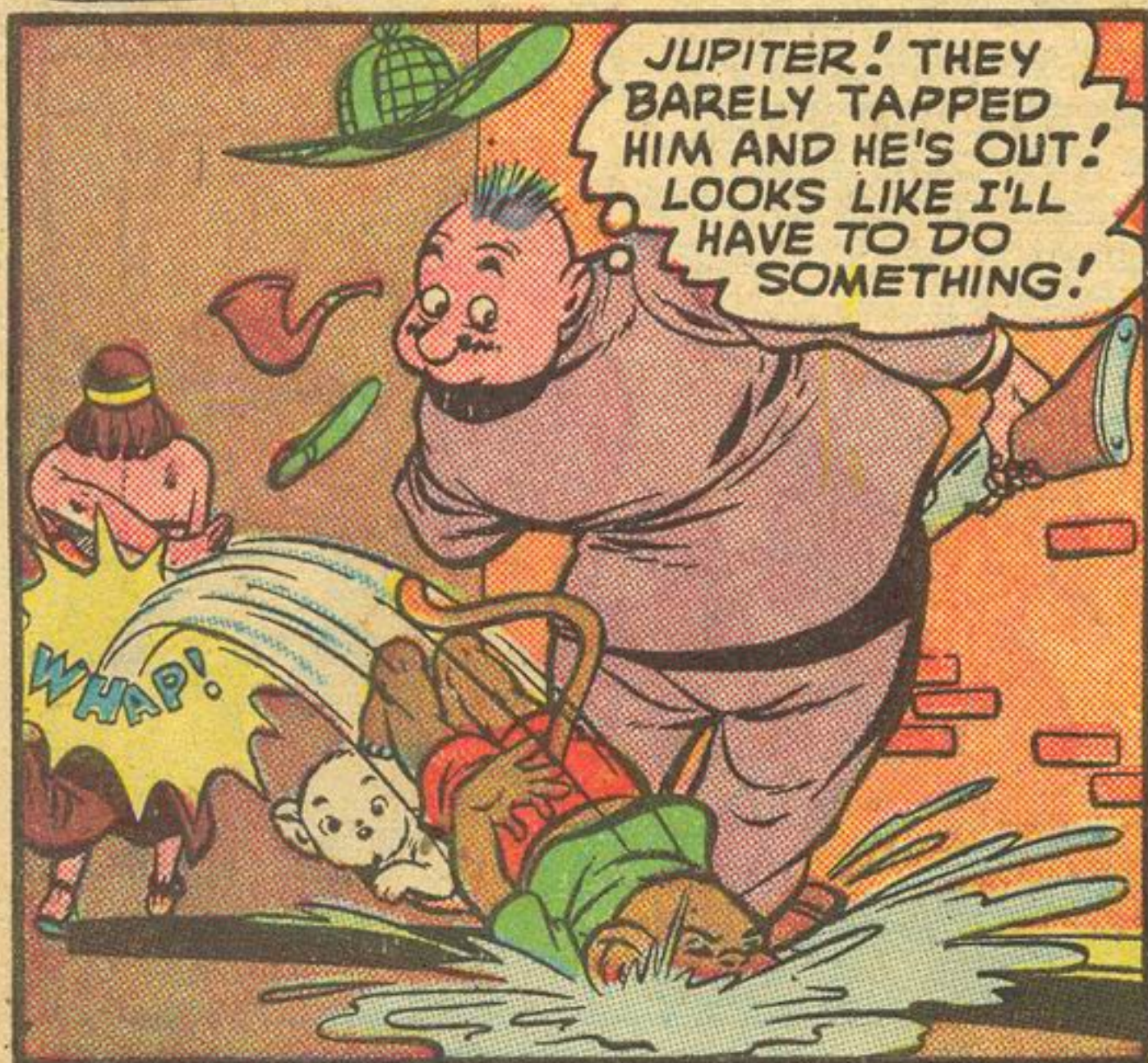
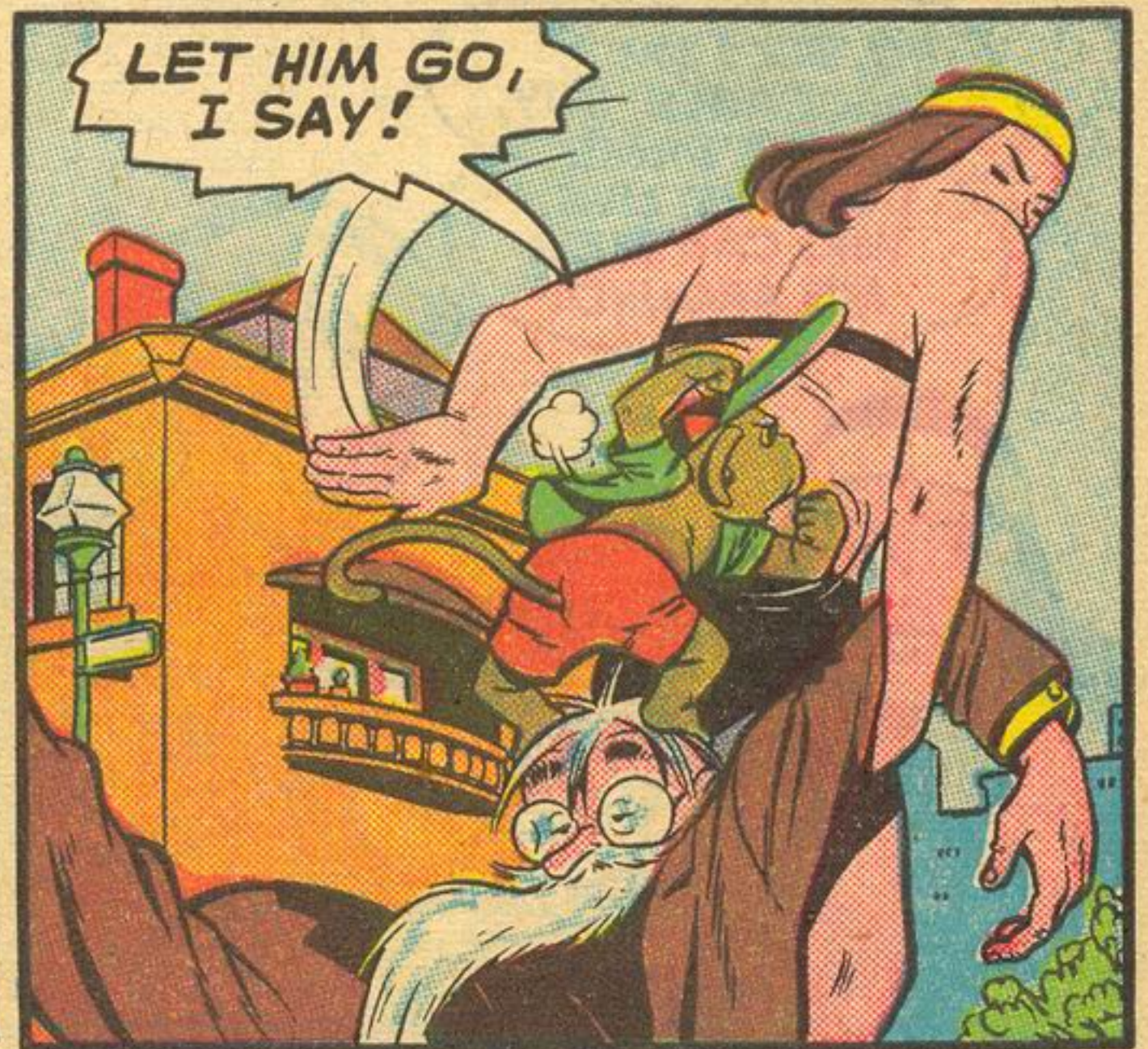
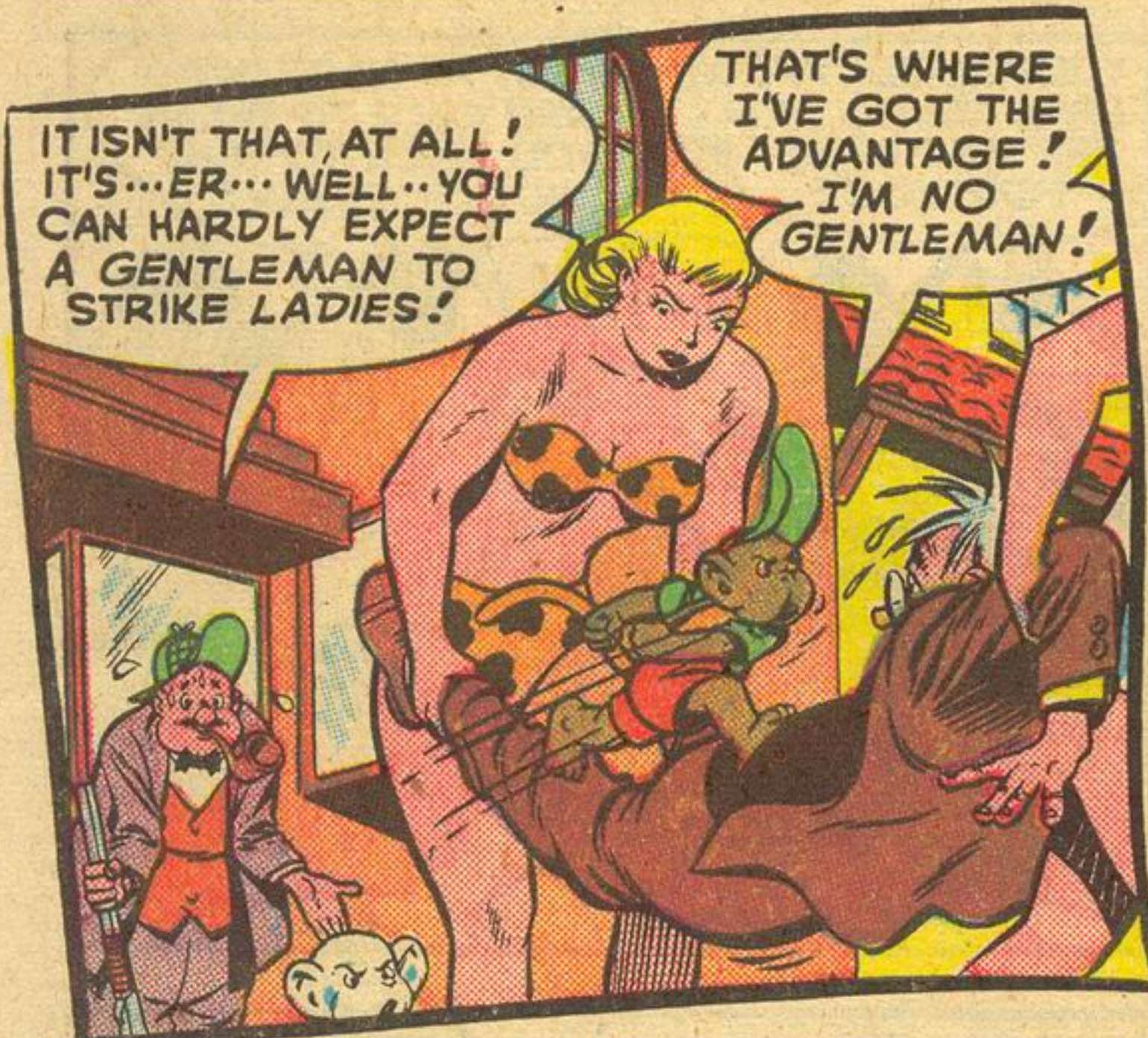
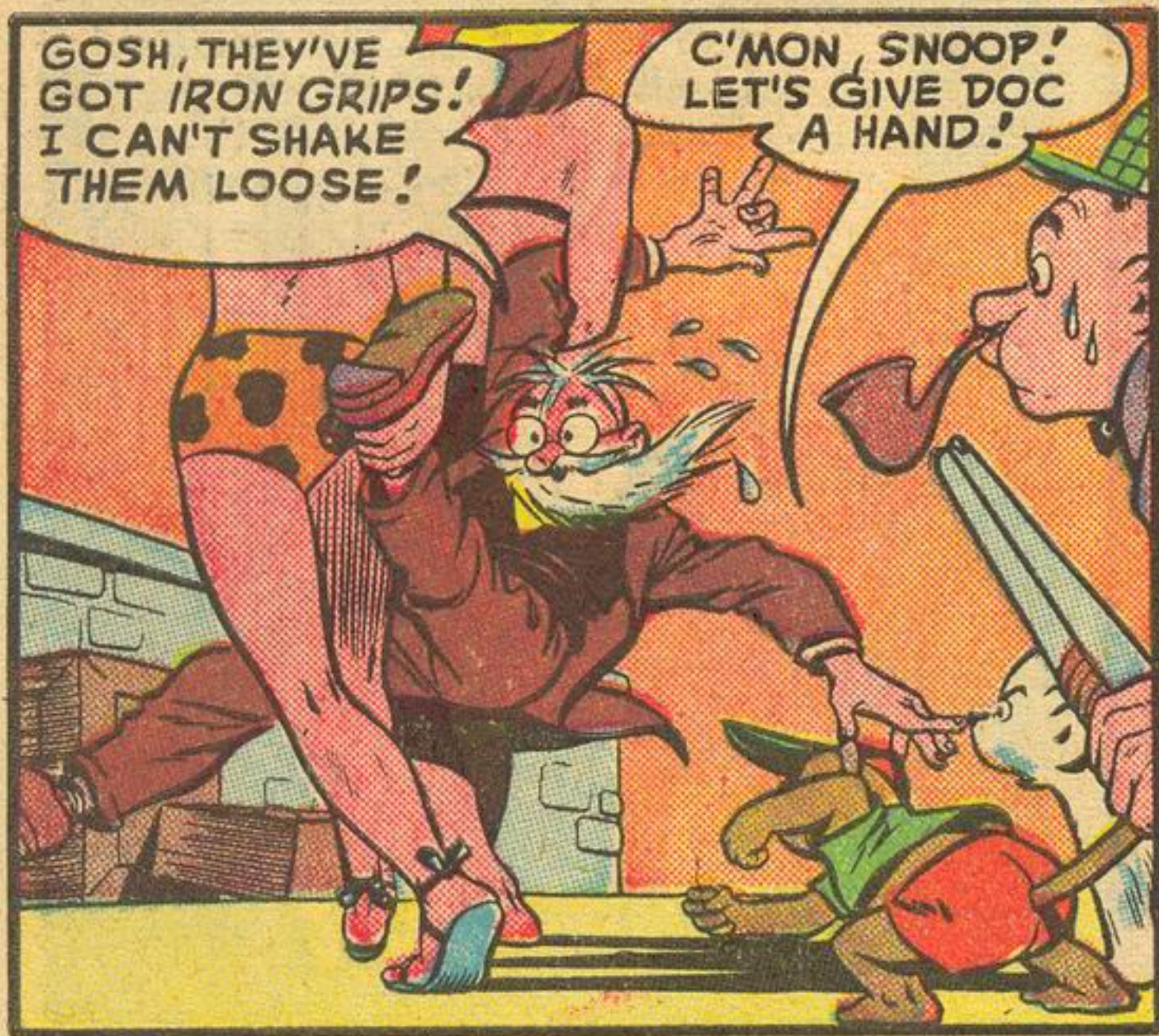
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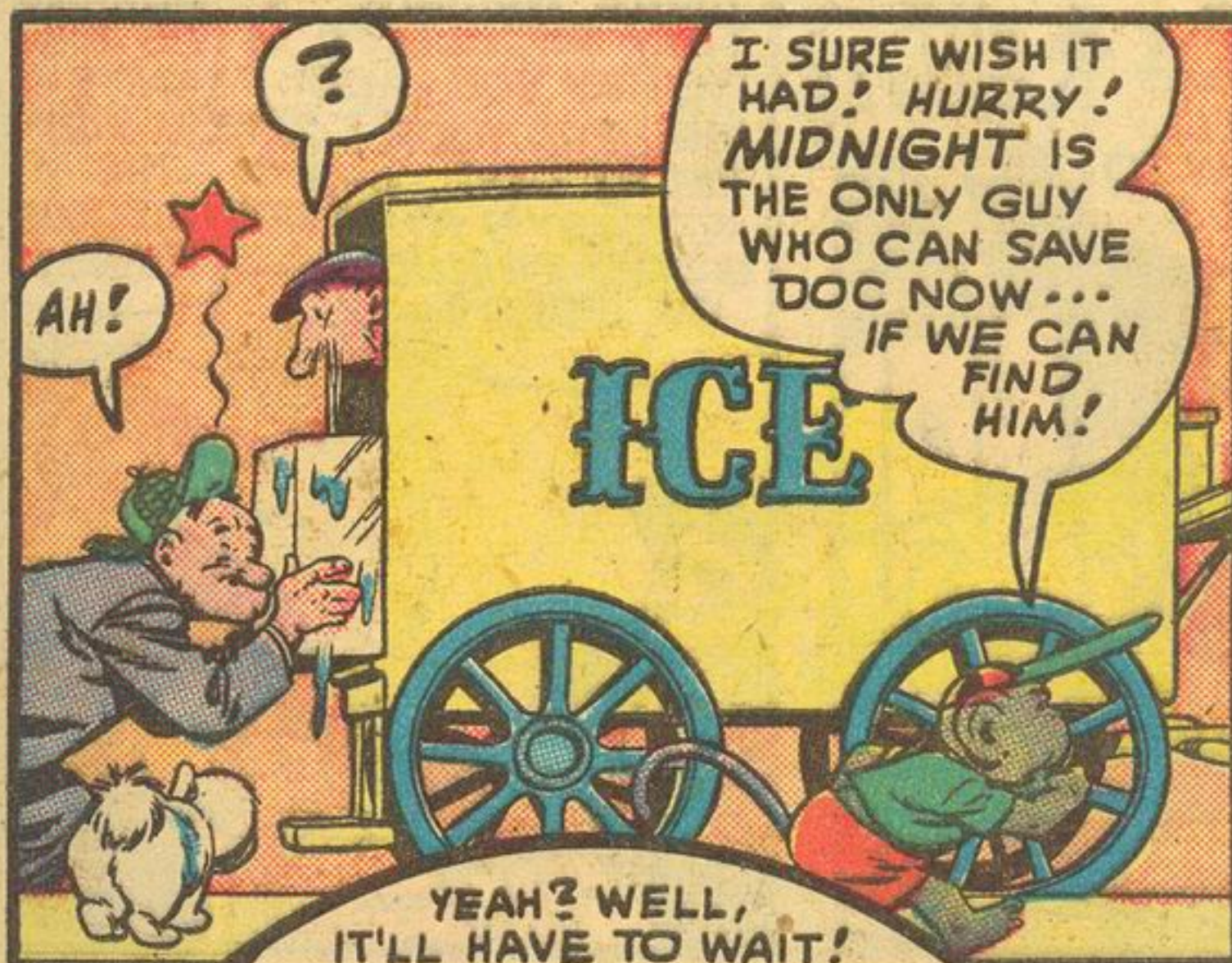
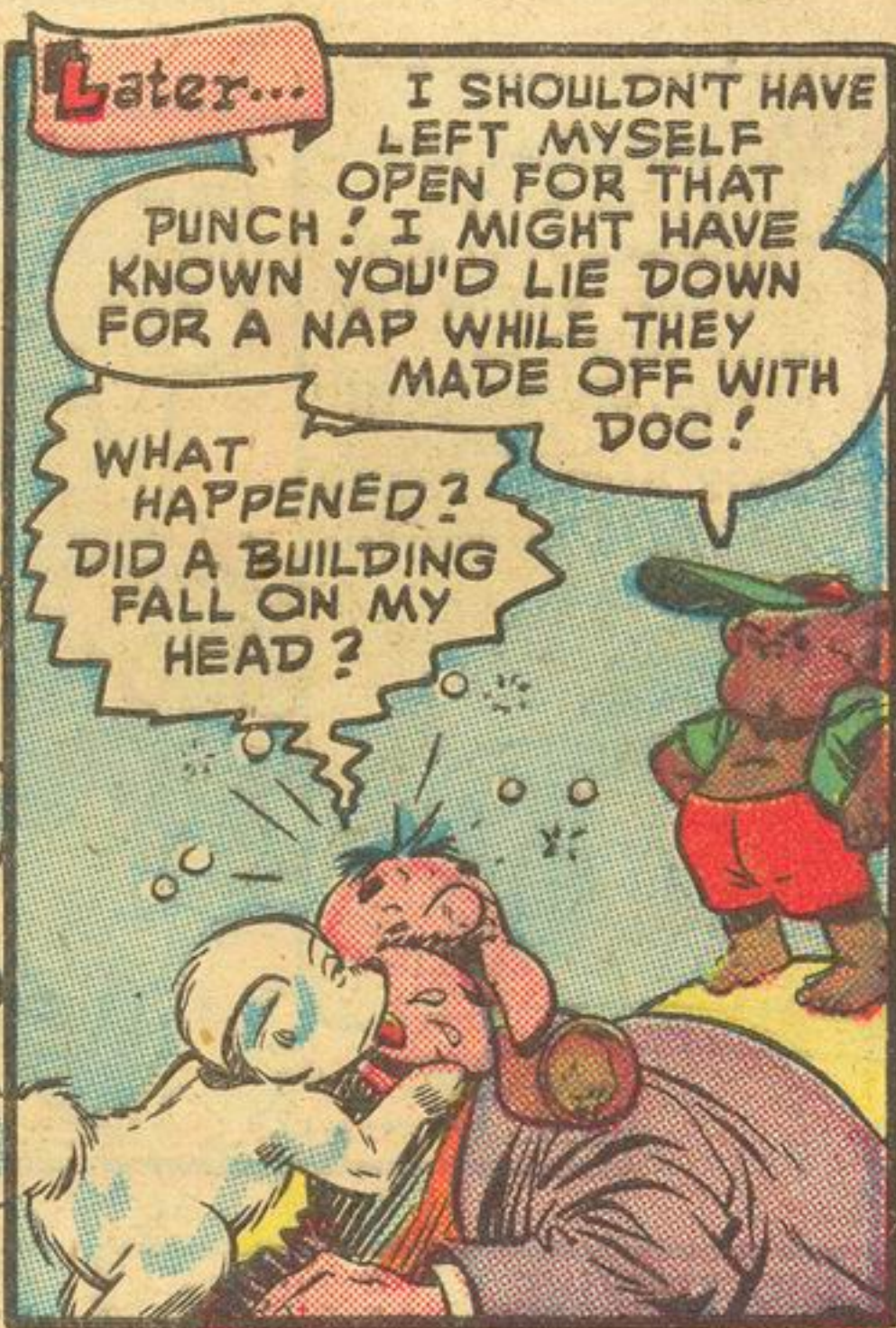
Dave Clark, radio announcer, becomes **MIDNIGHT** whenever occasion demands...and occasion demanded plenty when the amazon queen of FEMALIA reached out across the sea to make a mouse of the man who had been his pal!





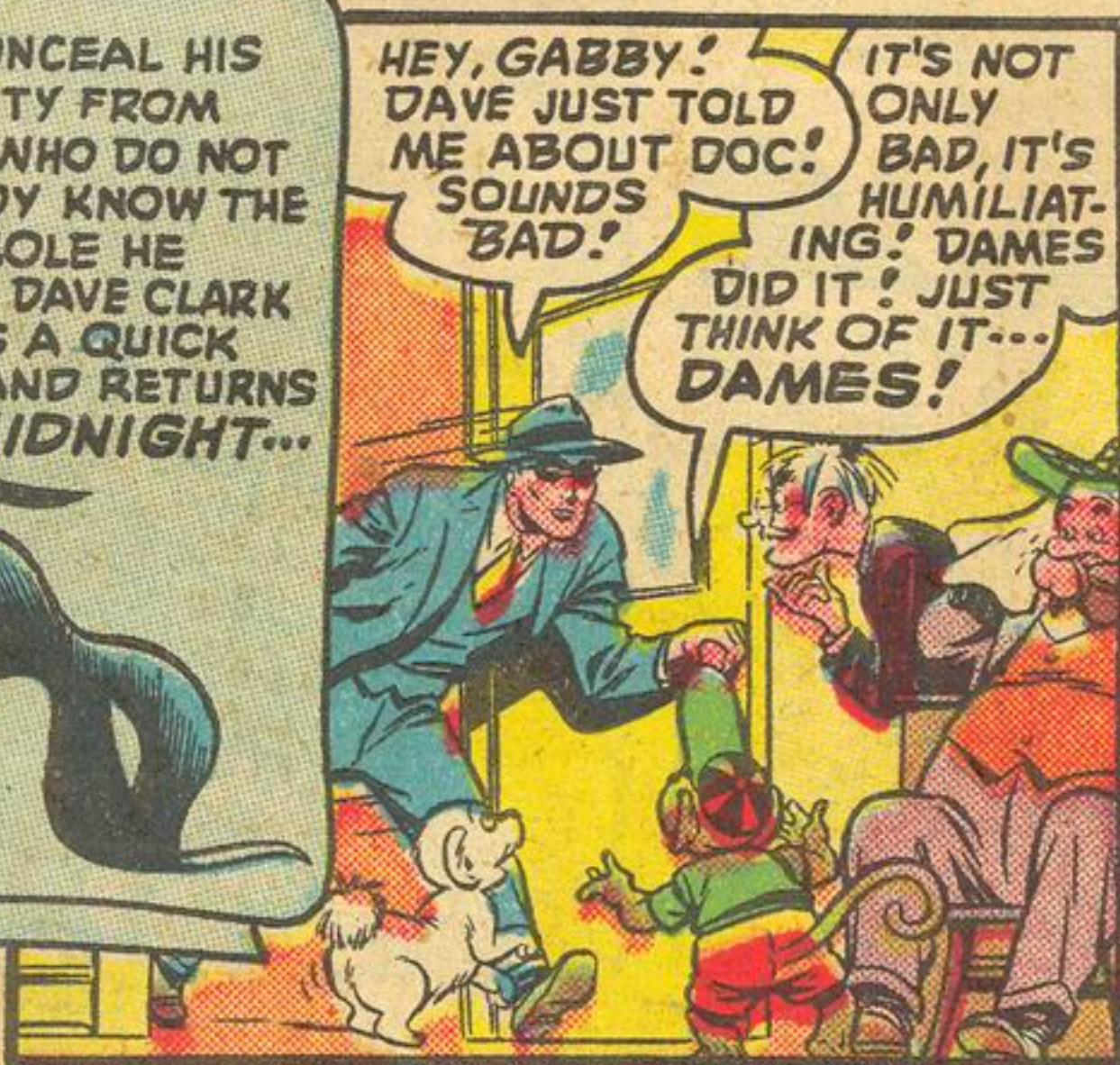


SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS

TO CONCEAL HIS IDENTITY FROM THOSE WHO DO NOT ALREADY KNOW THE DUAL ROLE HE PLAYS, DAVE CLARK MAKES A QUICK EXIT AND RETURNS AS MIDNIGHT...

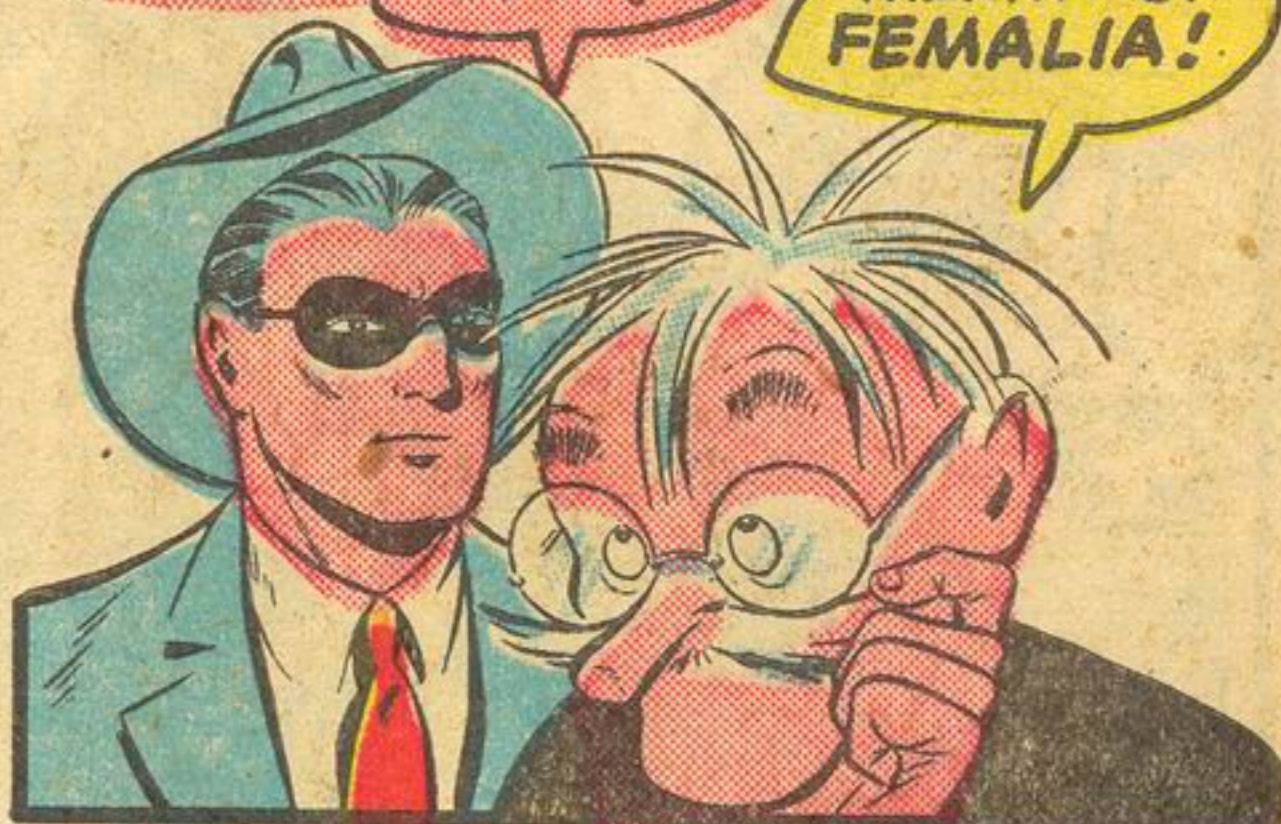


HEY, GABBY! DAVE JUST TOLD ME ABOUT DOC! SOUNDS BAD!

IT'S NOT ONLY BAD, IT'S HUMILIATING! DAMES DID IT! JUST THINK OF IT... DAMES!

YOU'RE ZOGAR! DAVE CLARK'S TOLD ME ABOUT YOU! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THESE WOMEN! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

PUZZLING THAT THEY SHOULD BE HERE... BUT I'D SAY THEY WERE SUBJECTS OF QUEEN MENNA OF FEMALIA!



AND THEY'VE MISTAKEN DOC FOR THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND! IS THAT IT?

GULP! WELL... IT'S JUST A THEORY, YOU KNOW! I WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING IMPULSIVE ABOUT IT IF I WERE YOU!



THERE'S WHERE WE DISAGREE! YOU KNOW WHERE FEMALIA IS... I CAN GET A FAST PLANE! YOU'LL SHOW US HOW TO GET THERE!

NO! NO! NOT THAT!



WHAT'S EATING YOU? YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THESE WOMEN! THEY SHOULDN'T WORRY YOU, AND WE NEED YOUR HELP! DOC WACKEY'S A GOOD FRIEND OF OURS!

I...ER.. I'M NOT WORRIED! IT'S JUST THAT I... I'M NOT THE ADVENTUROUS TYPE!



SURE YOU ARE! COME ON!

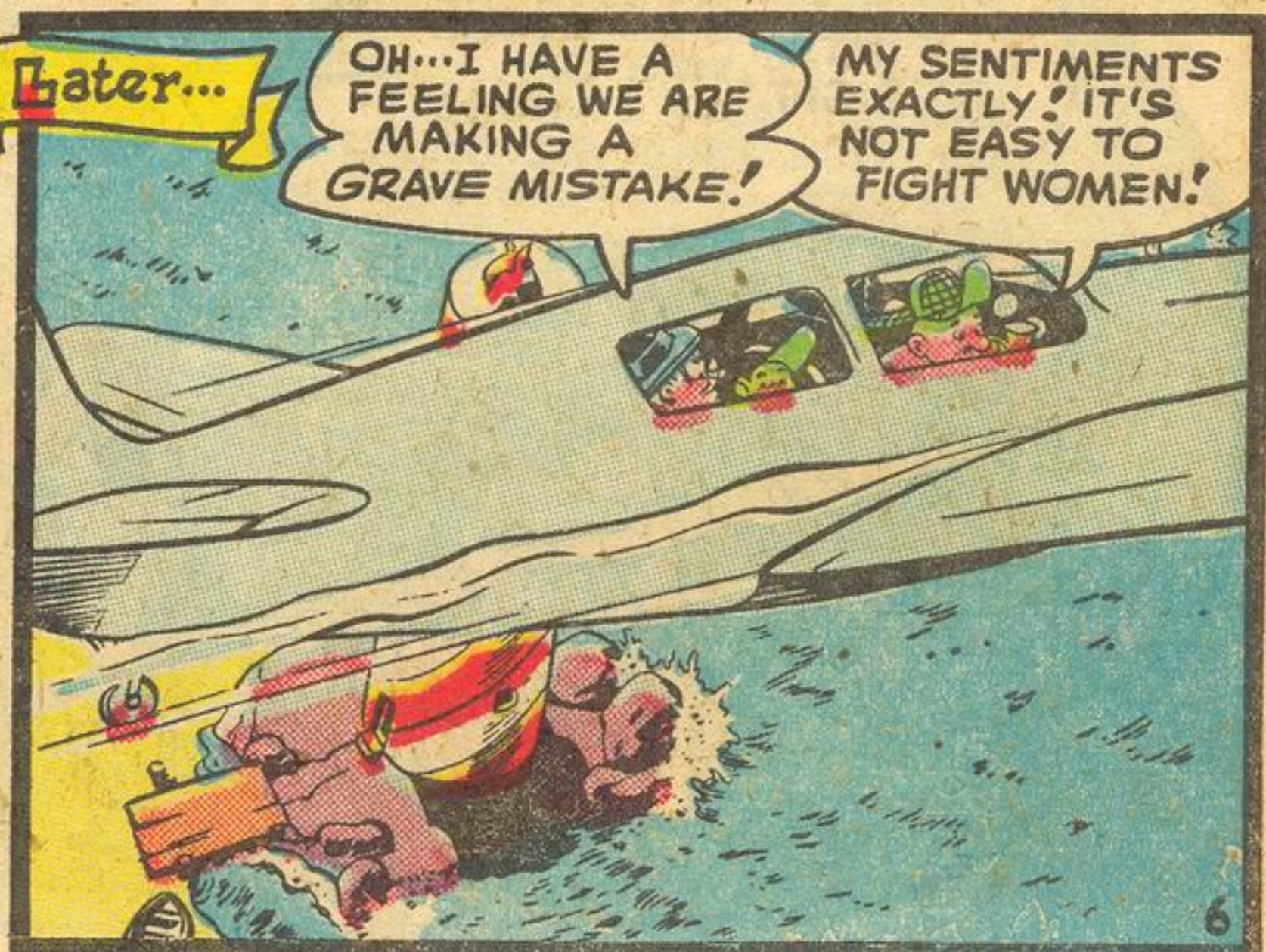
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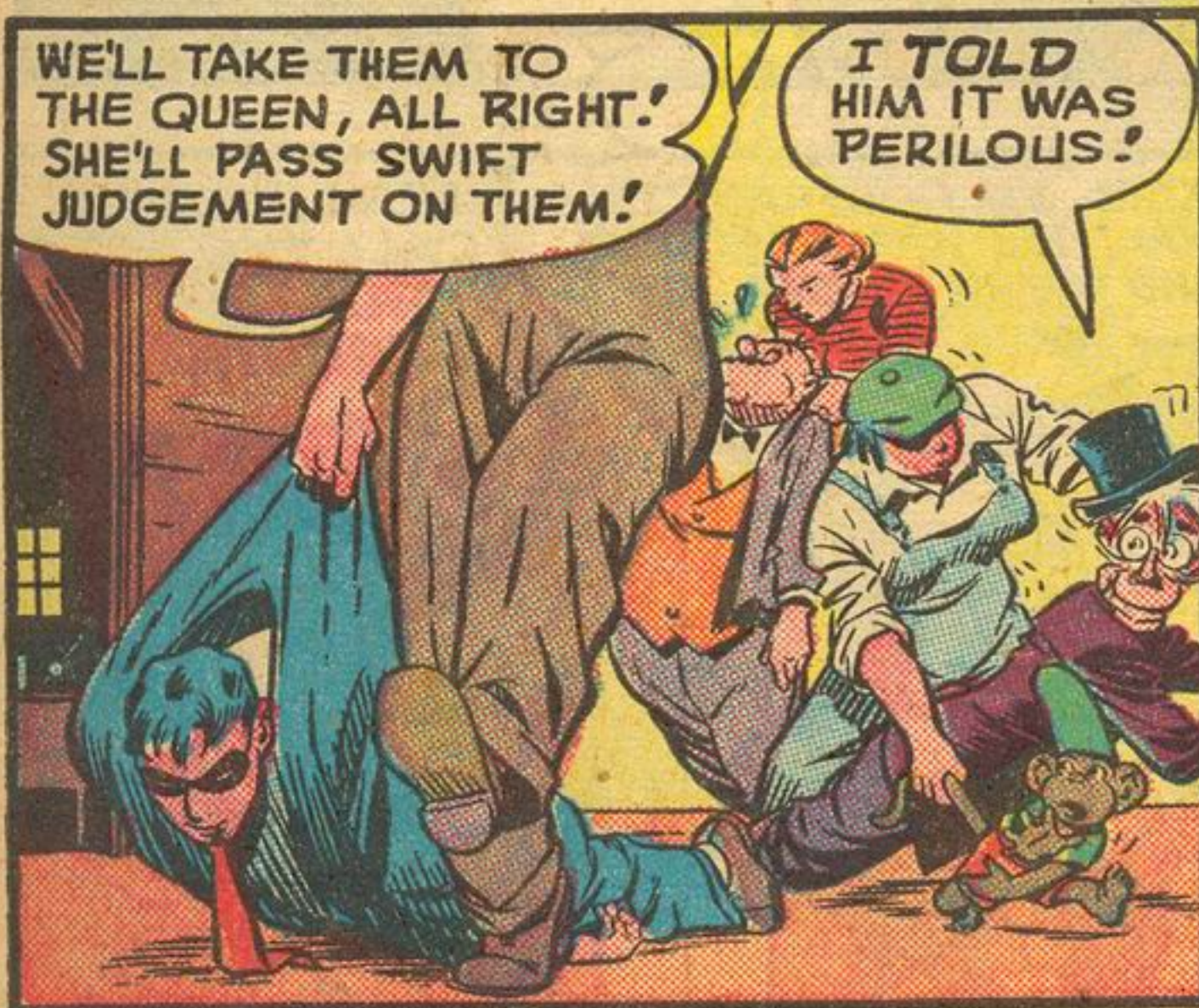
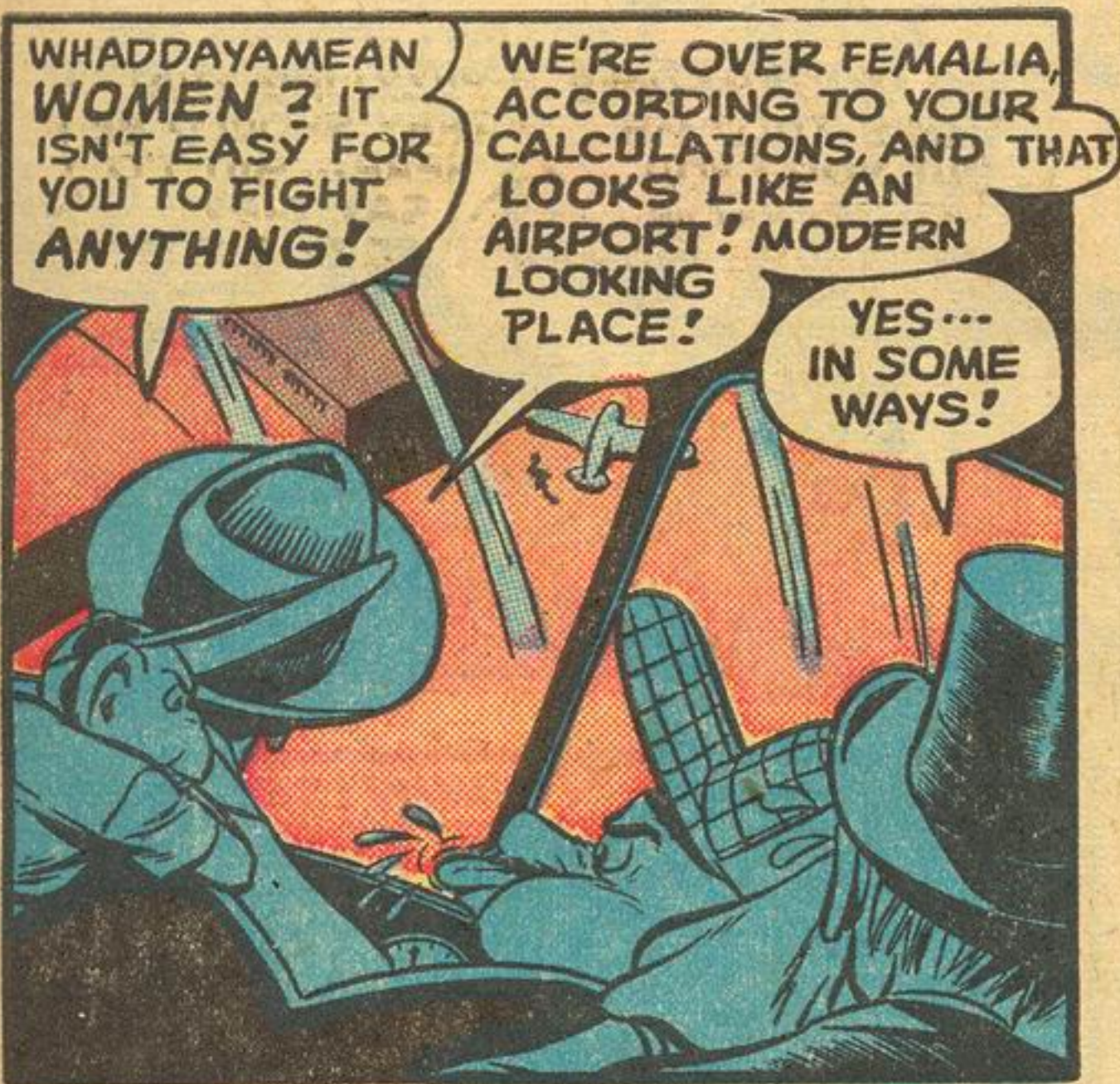


Later...

OH...I HAVE A FEELING WE ARE MAKING A GRAVE MISTAKE!

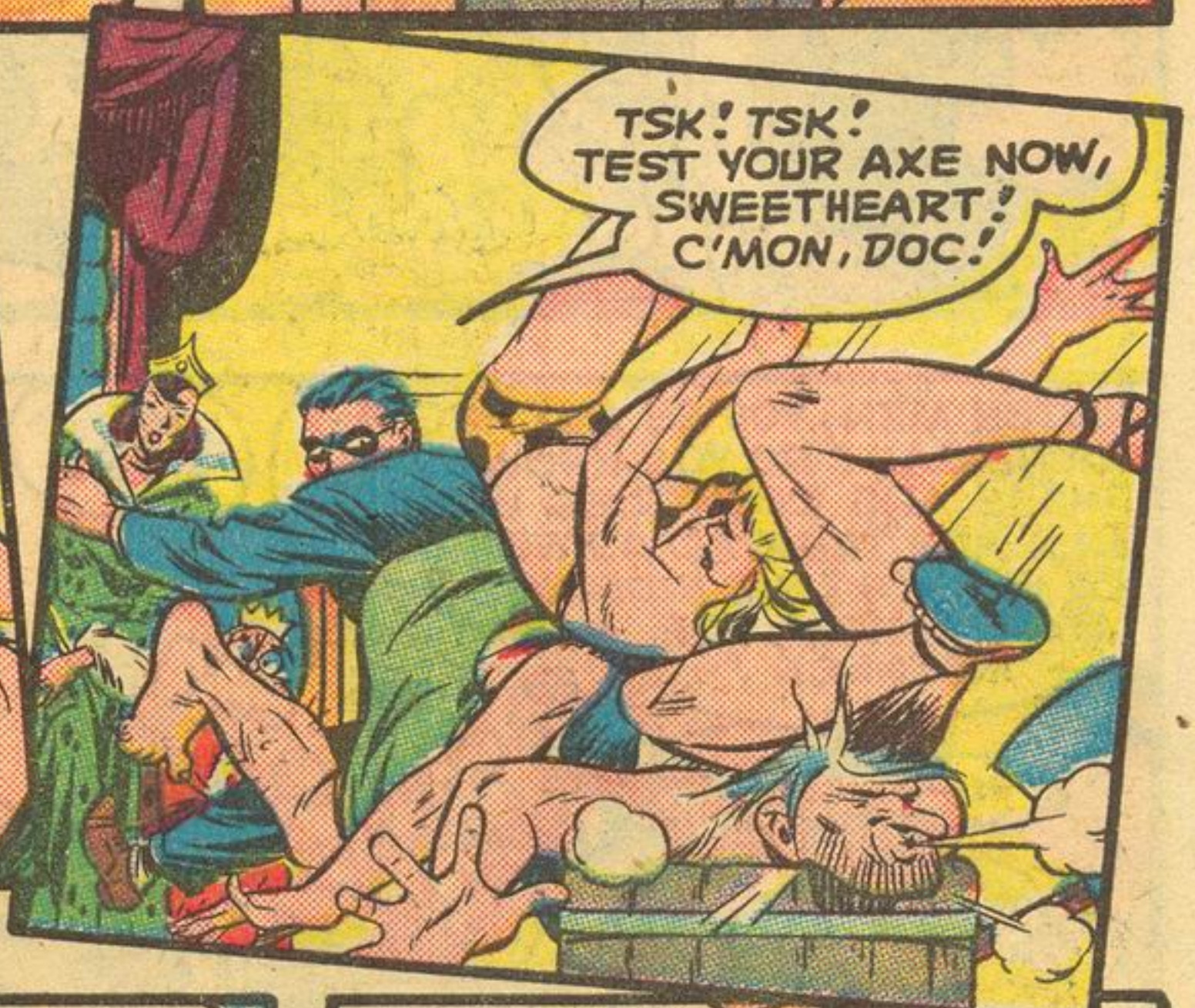
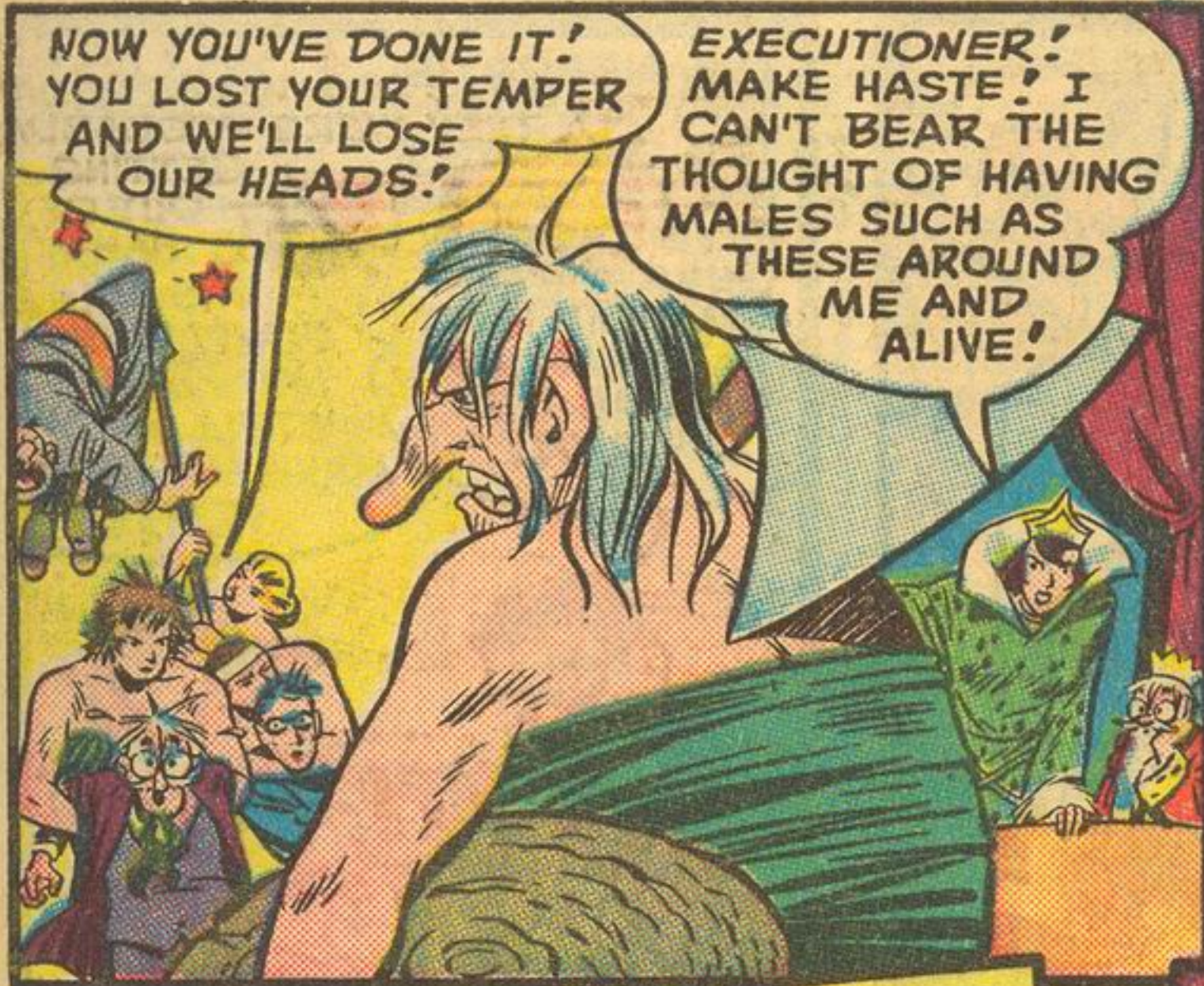
MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY! IT'S NOT EASY TO FIGHT WOMEN!

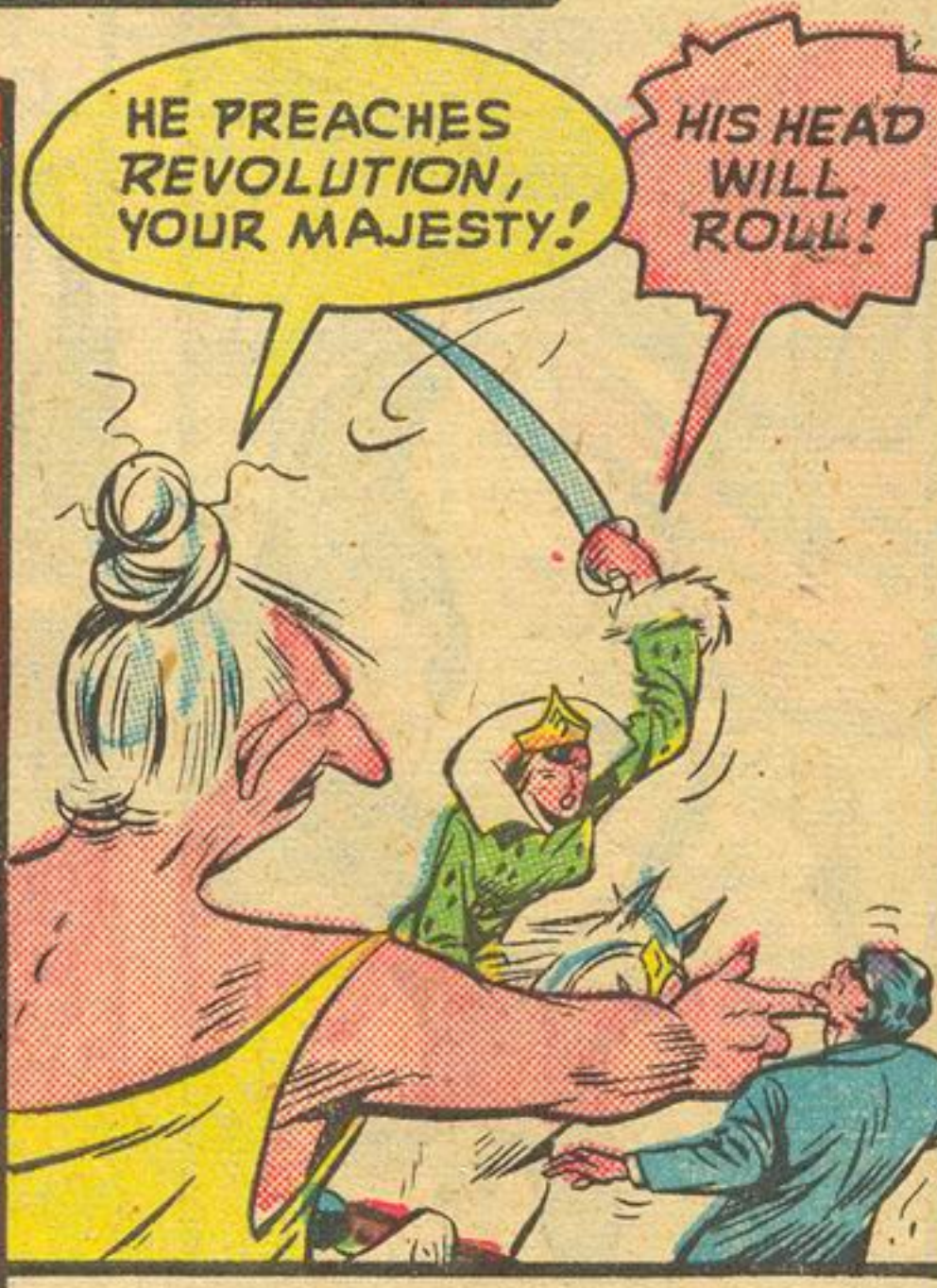
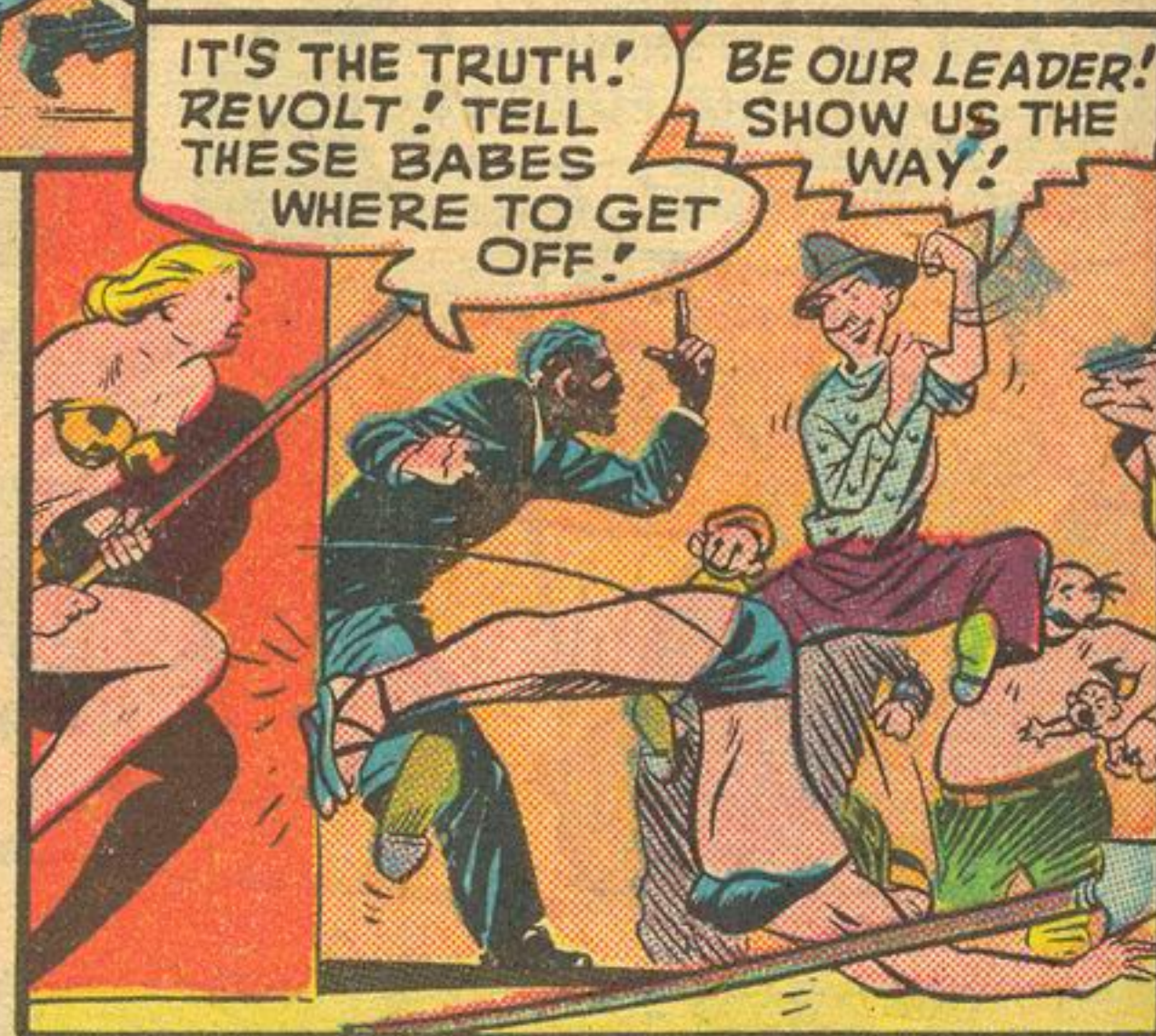
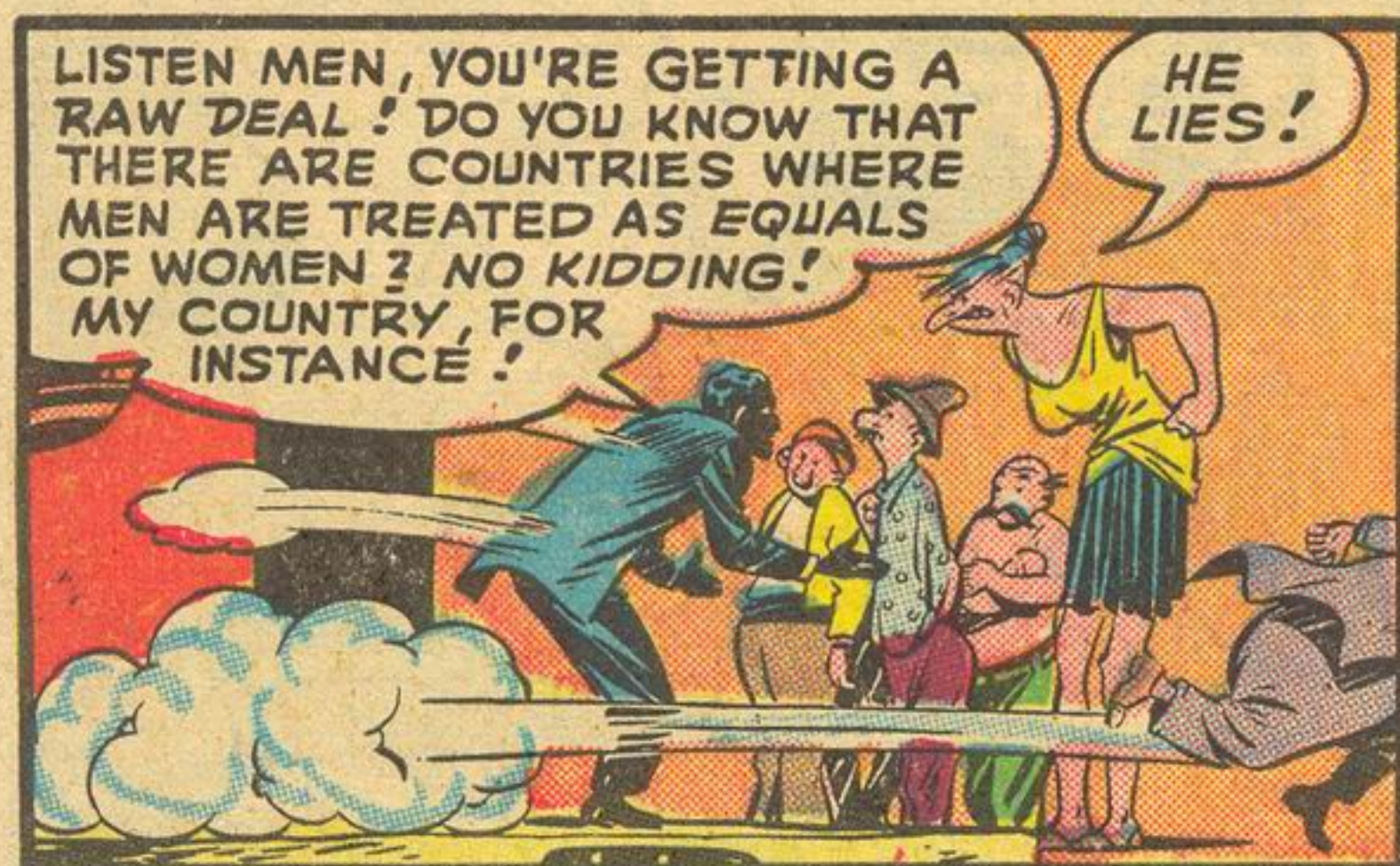




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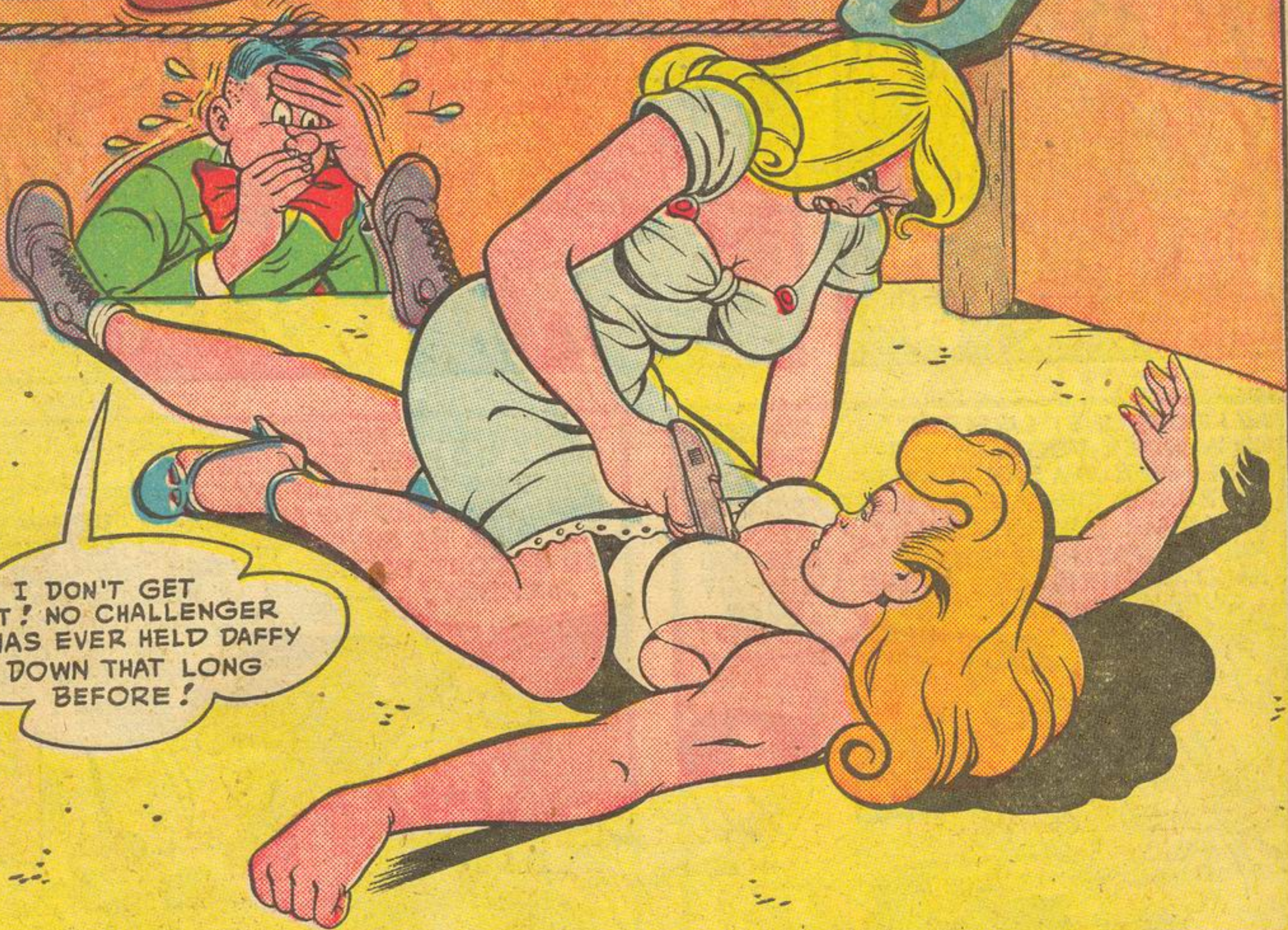


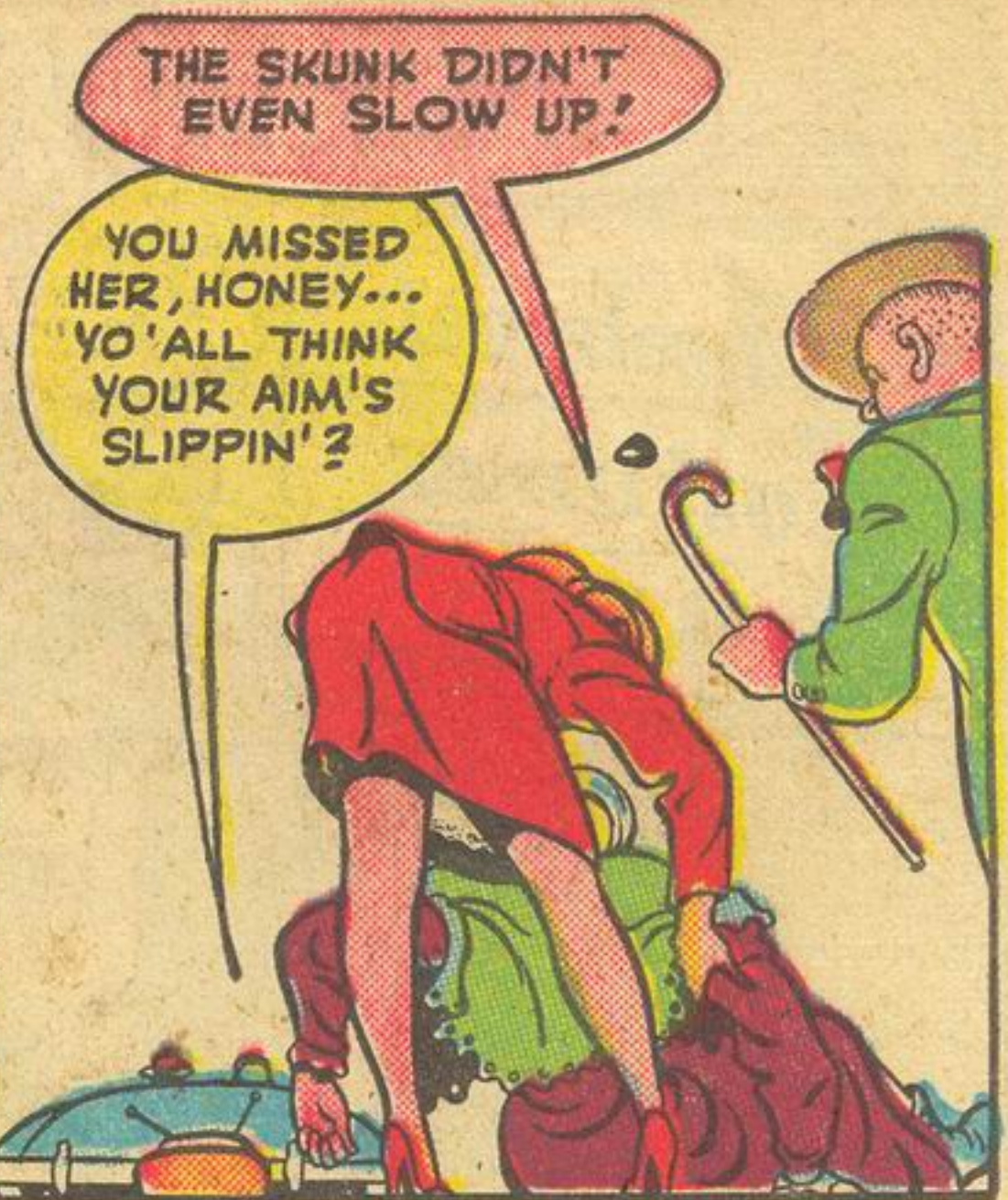
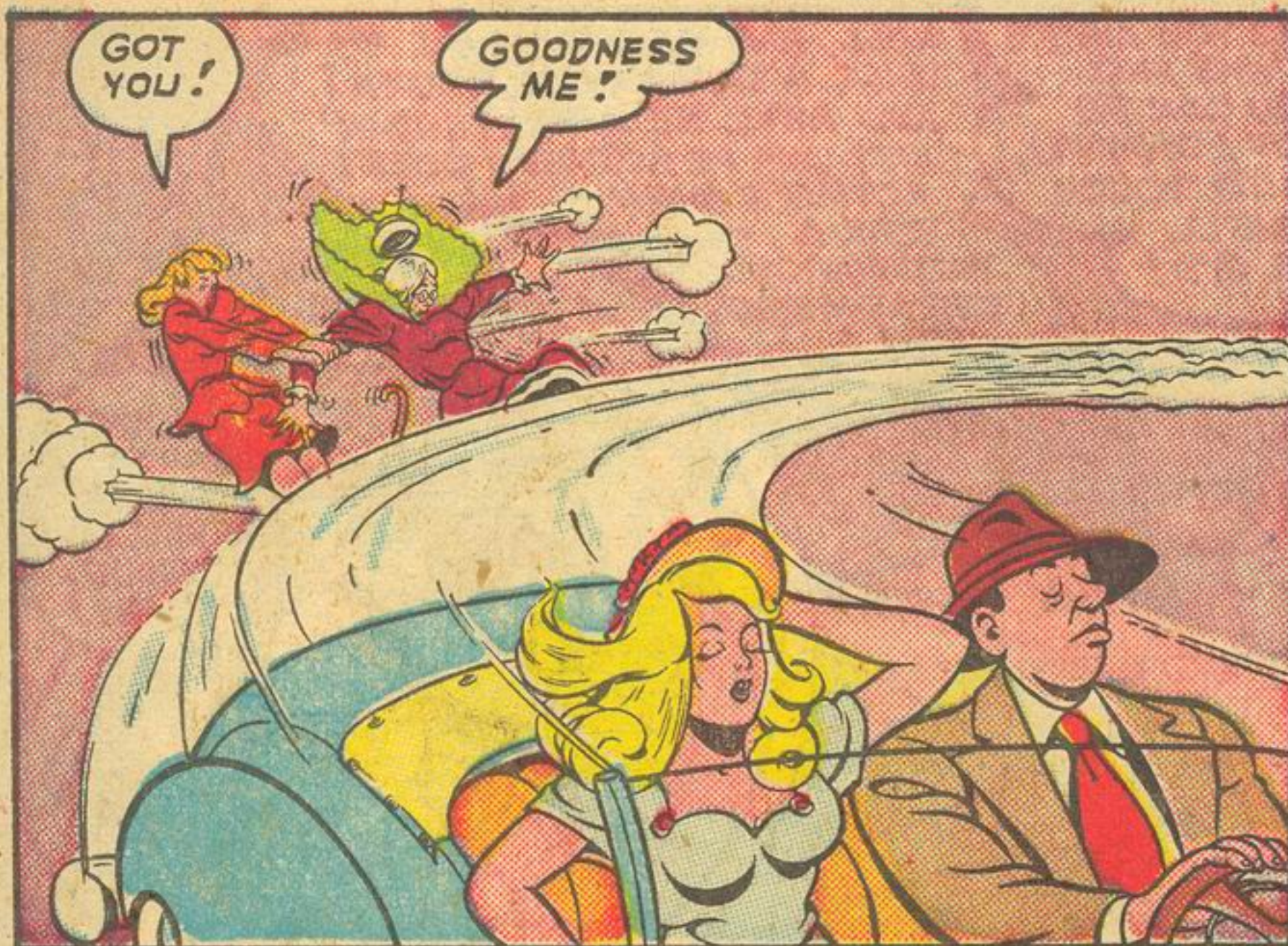


SMASH COMICS



Daffy





OH, WELL, THERE'S NO SENSE HITTING AN OLD LADY! IT TAKES TOO LONG TO GET OUT OF THE CAR AND FRISK HER PURSE! AND IF YOU DO, YOU

GOSH, YOU'RE SMART, ED! I DON'T CARE MUCH FOR OLD LADIES MYSELF! SOMEBODY ONCE SAID IF I LIVED LONG ENOUGH I'D BE ONE, TOO! THAT'S WHY!

ONLY FIND ABOUT FIFTY CENTS!

SAY! HAVE I GOT AN IDEA! THAT DAME WHO SAVED THE OLD LADY... THAT WAS DAFFY, THE LADY WRESTLER! I JUST REMEMBERED!

WHAT AN UNLADYLIKE PROFESSION!

OF COURSE IT AIN'T THE THING FOR YOU, CINDY LOU... BUT WHAT AN ANGLE I'VE GOT FOR A QUICK HAUL! LISTEN! DAFFY'S OFFERING FIVE GRAND TO ANYBODY WHO CAN LICK HER AT THE WRESTLER'S ARENA TONIGHT!

FIVE GRAND? A GAL COULD BUY A LOT OF JULEPS WITH THAT!

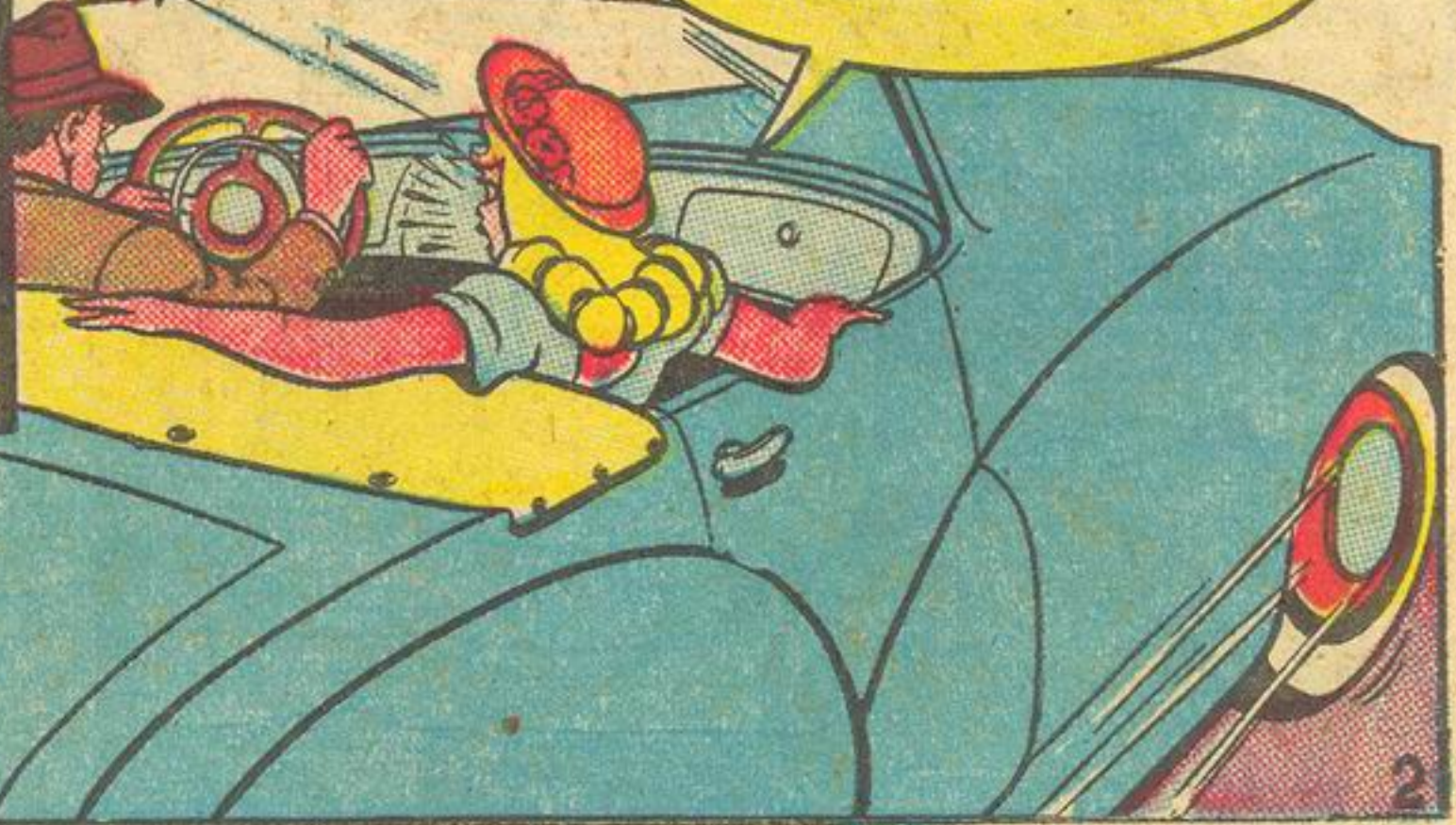
WELL, NOBODY'S BEEN ABLE TO LICK DAFFY YET! BUT NOTE THAT THE OFFER GOES FOR ANY CHALLENGER! DAFFY'S KIND TO OLD LADIES! IF ONE OF THEM WENT INTO THE RING WITH HER,

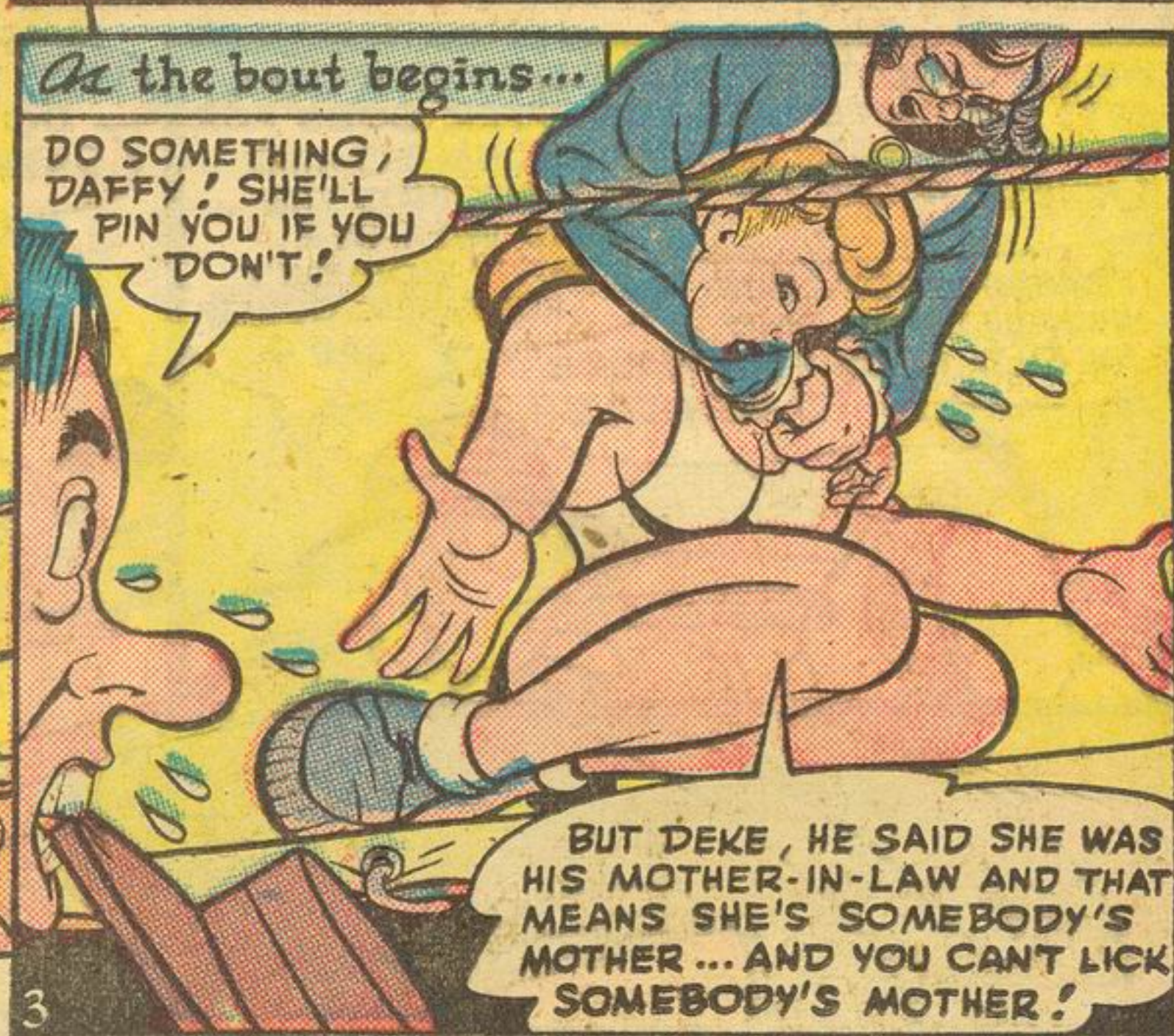
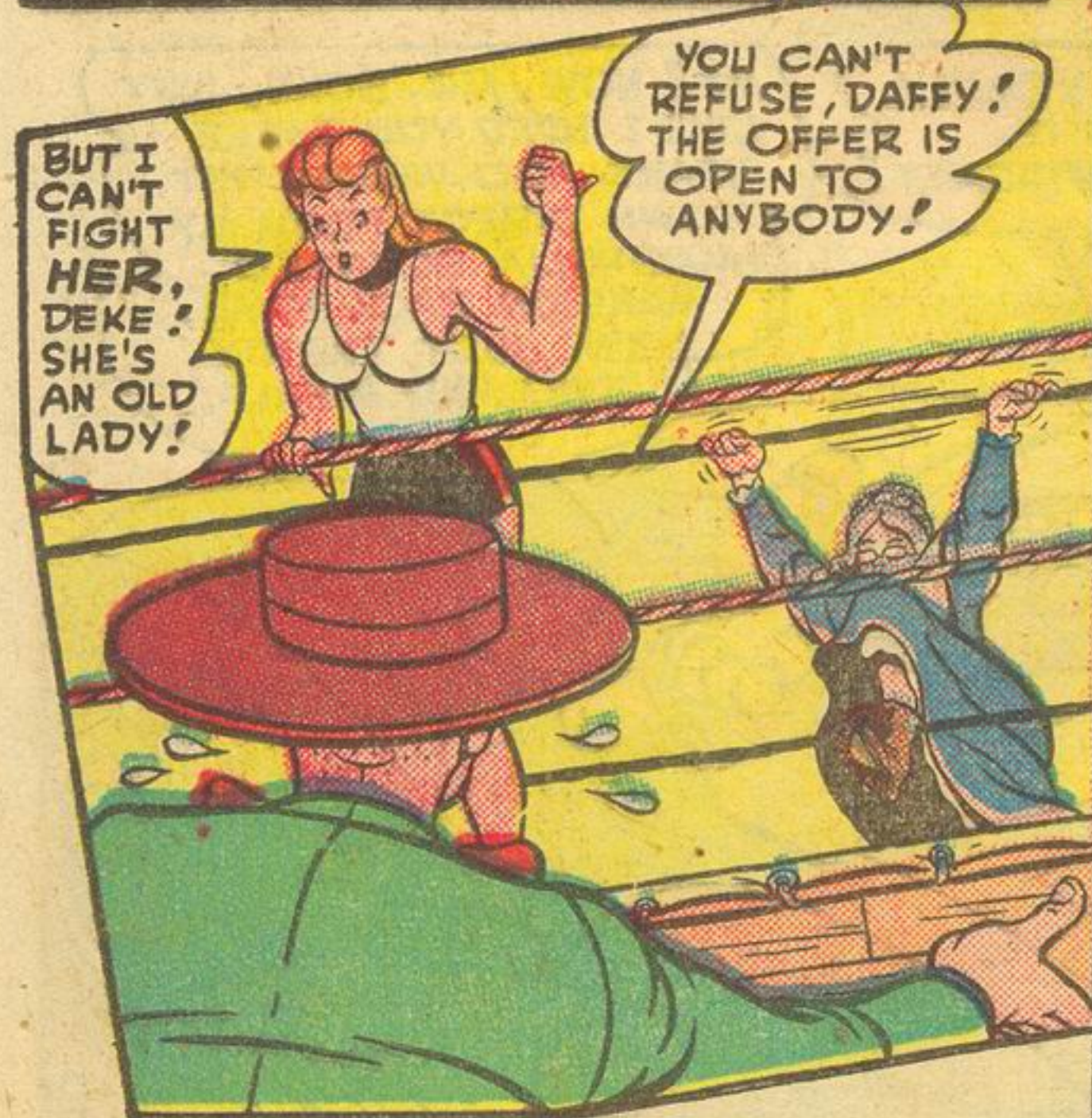
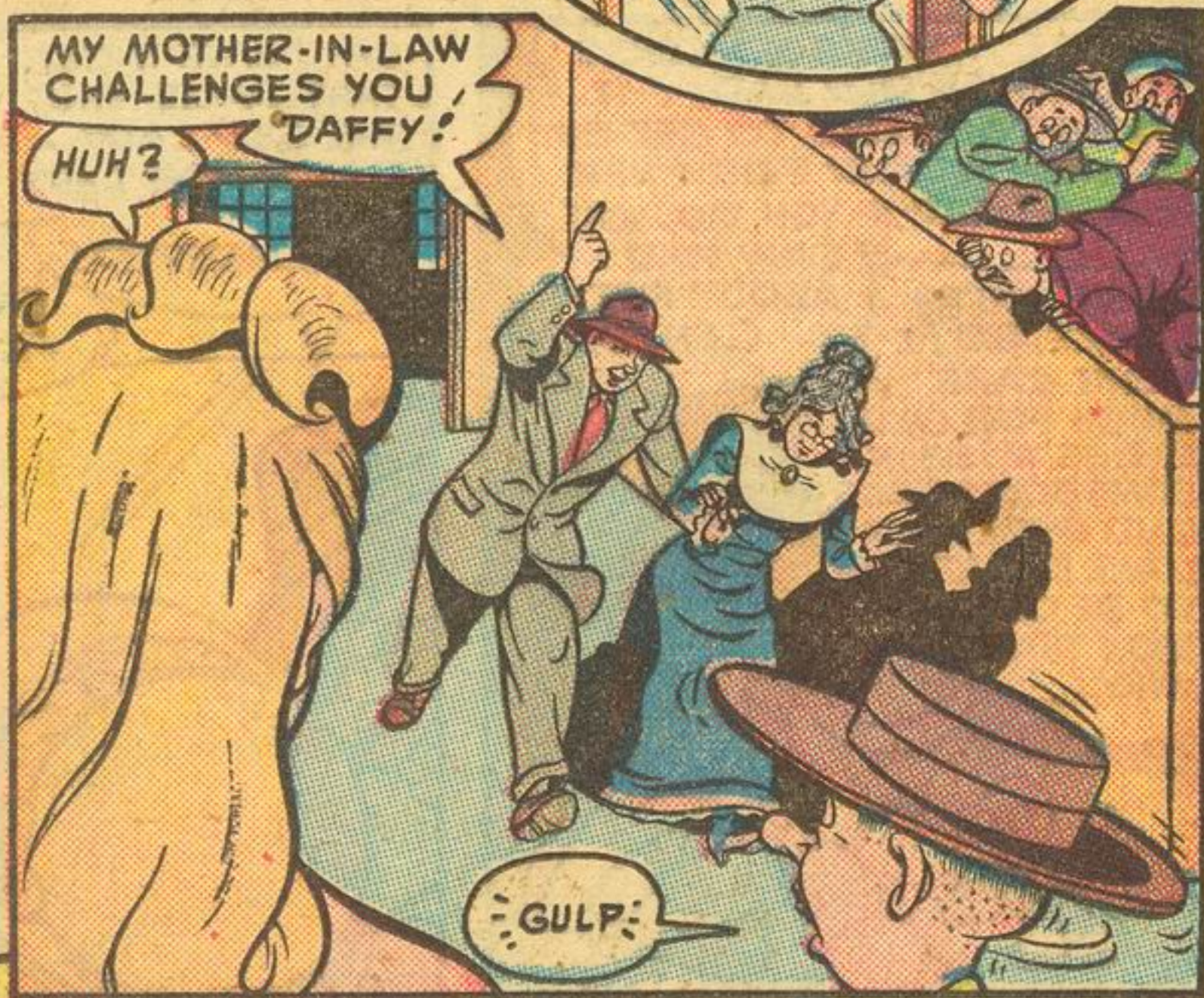
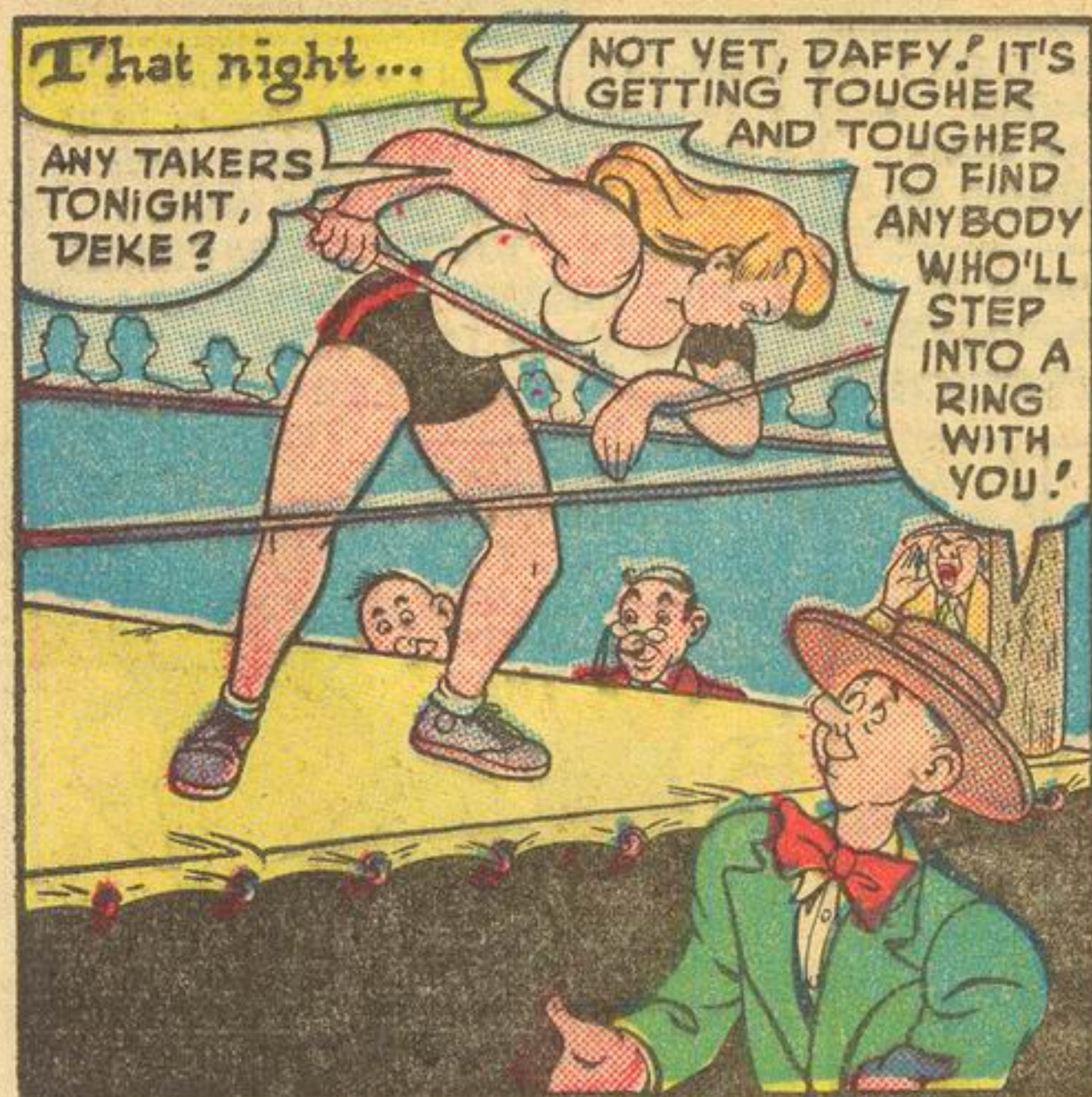
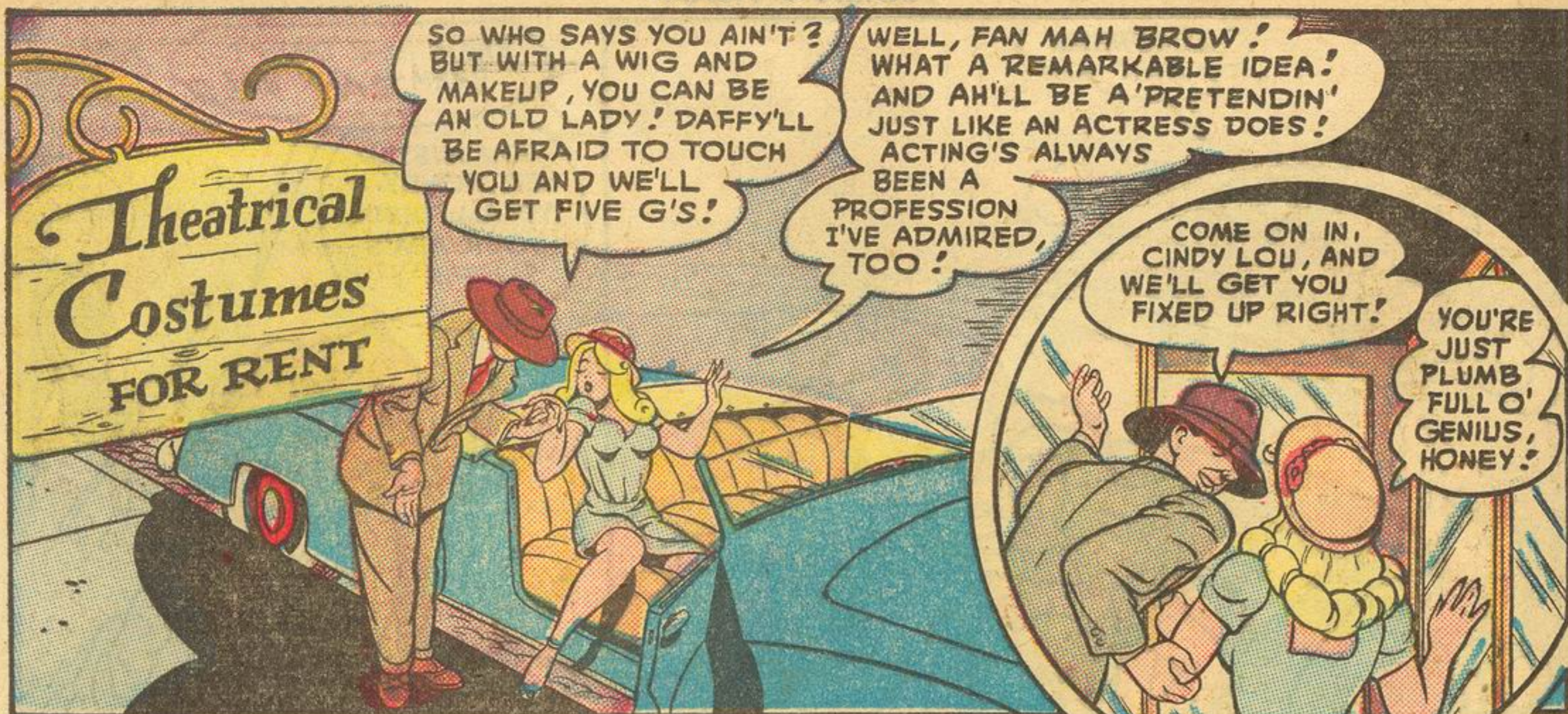
PERHAPS NOT! BUT WHERE'LL YOU FIND AN OLD LADY WHO WANTS TO WRESTLE?

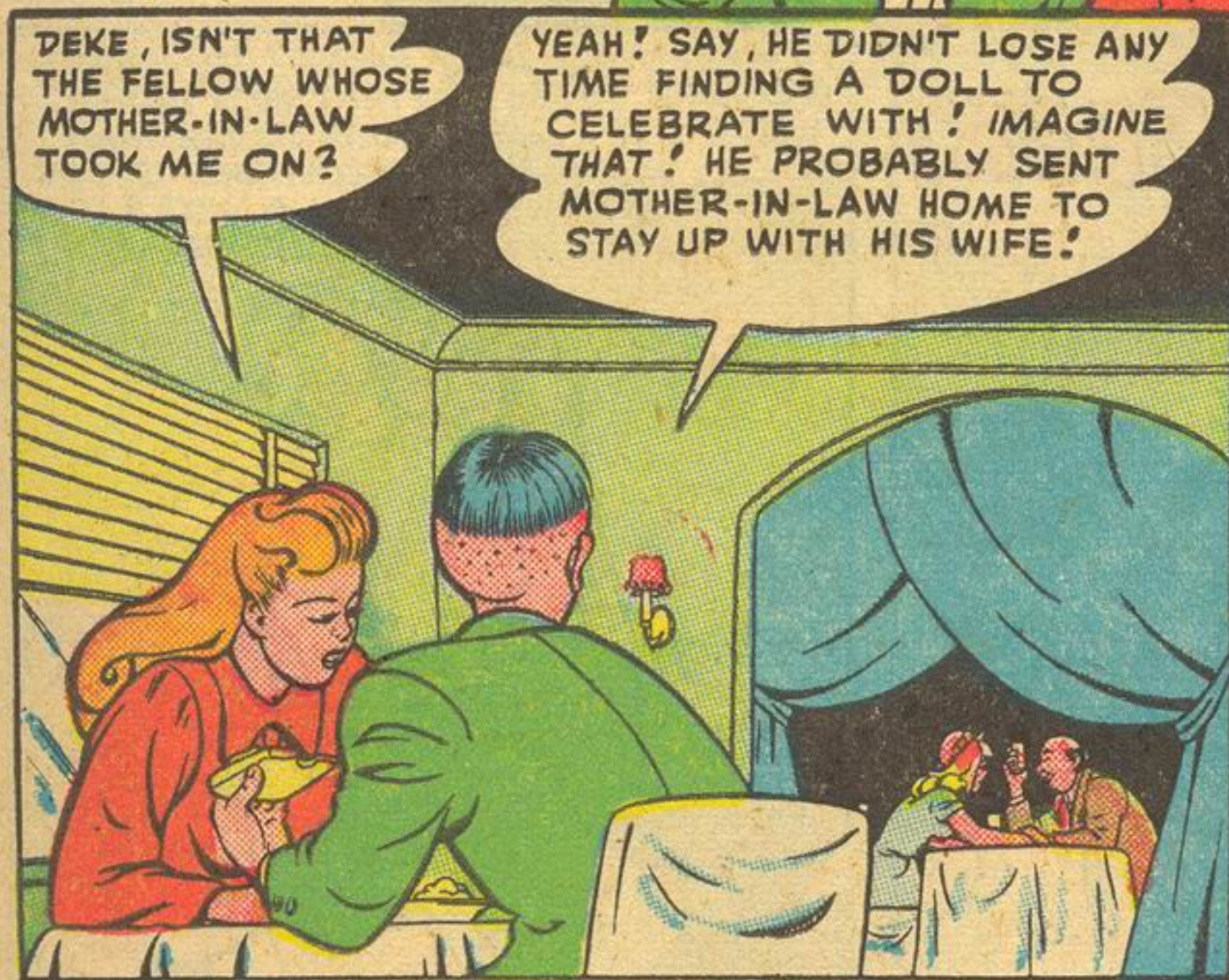
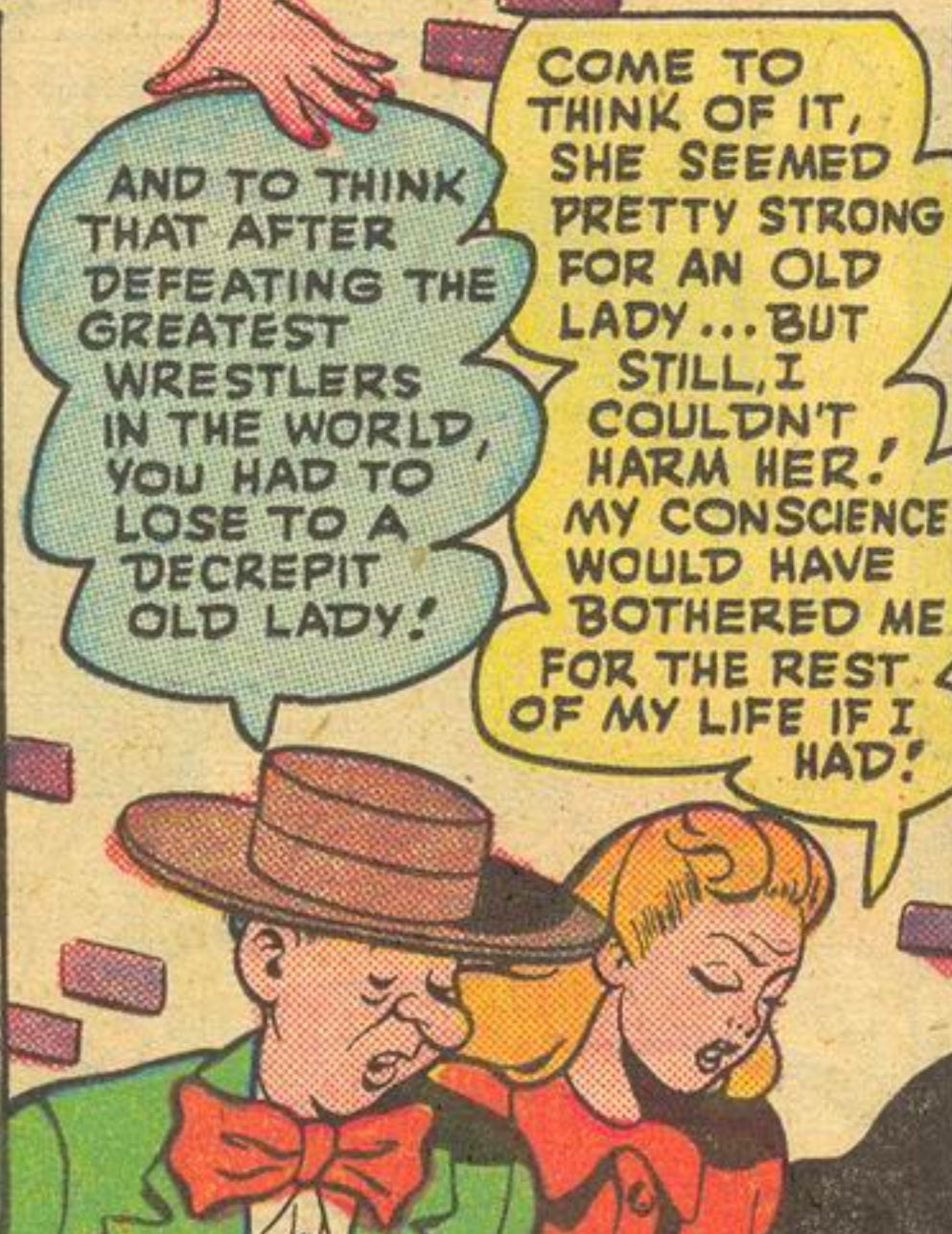
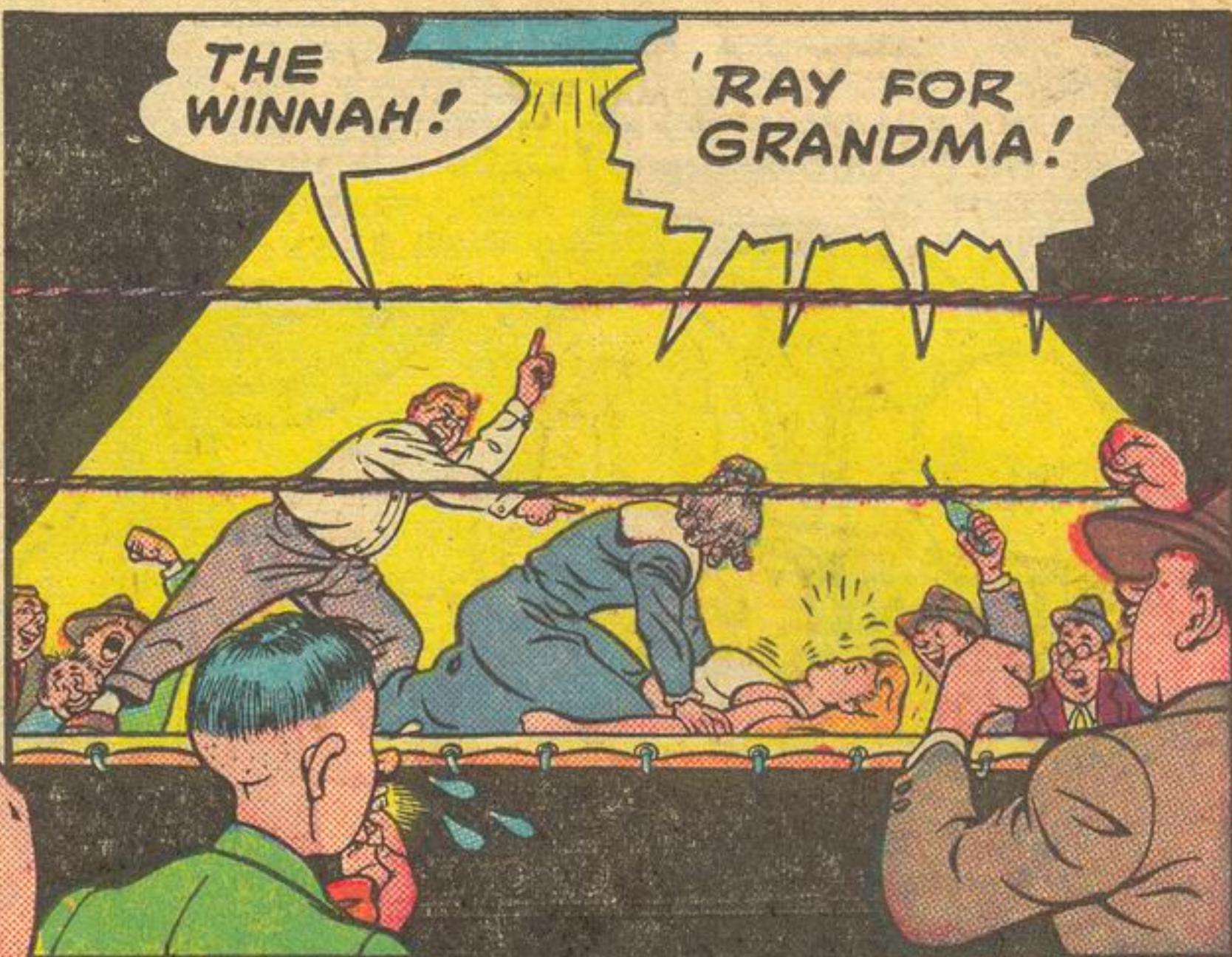
DAFFY COULDN'T HURT HER, COULD SHE?

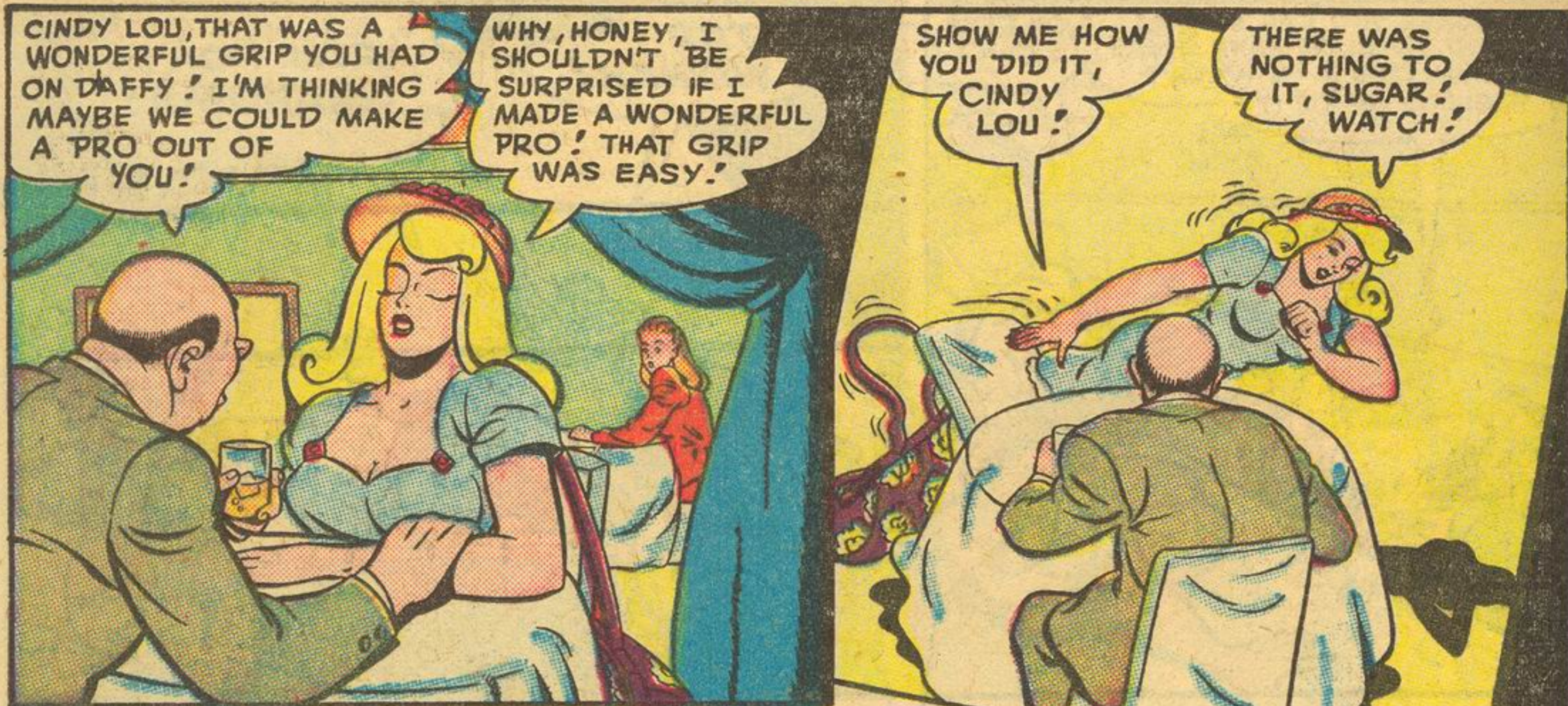
WHY, YOU'LL DO IT, SWEETHEART!

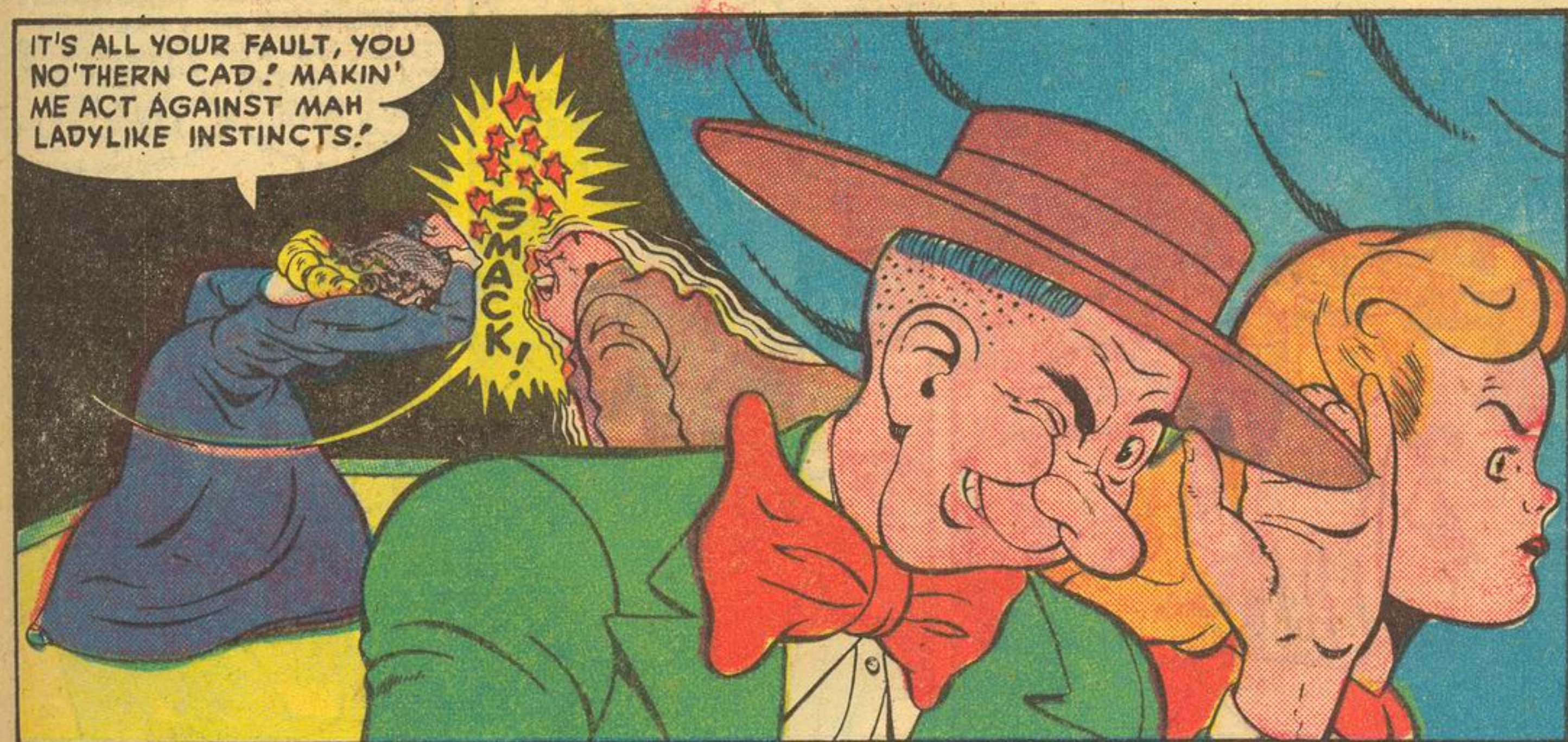
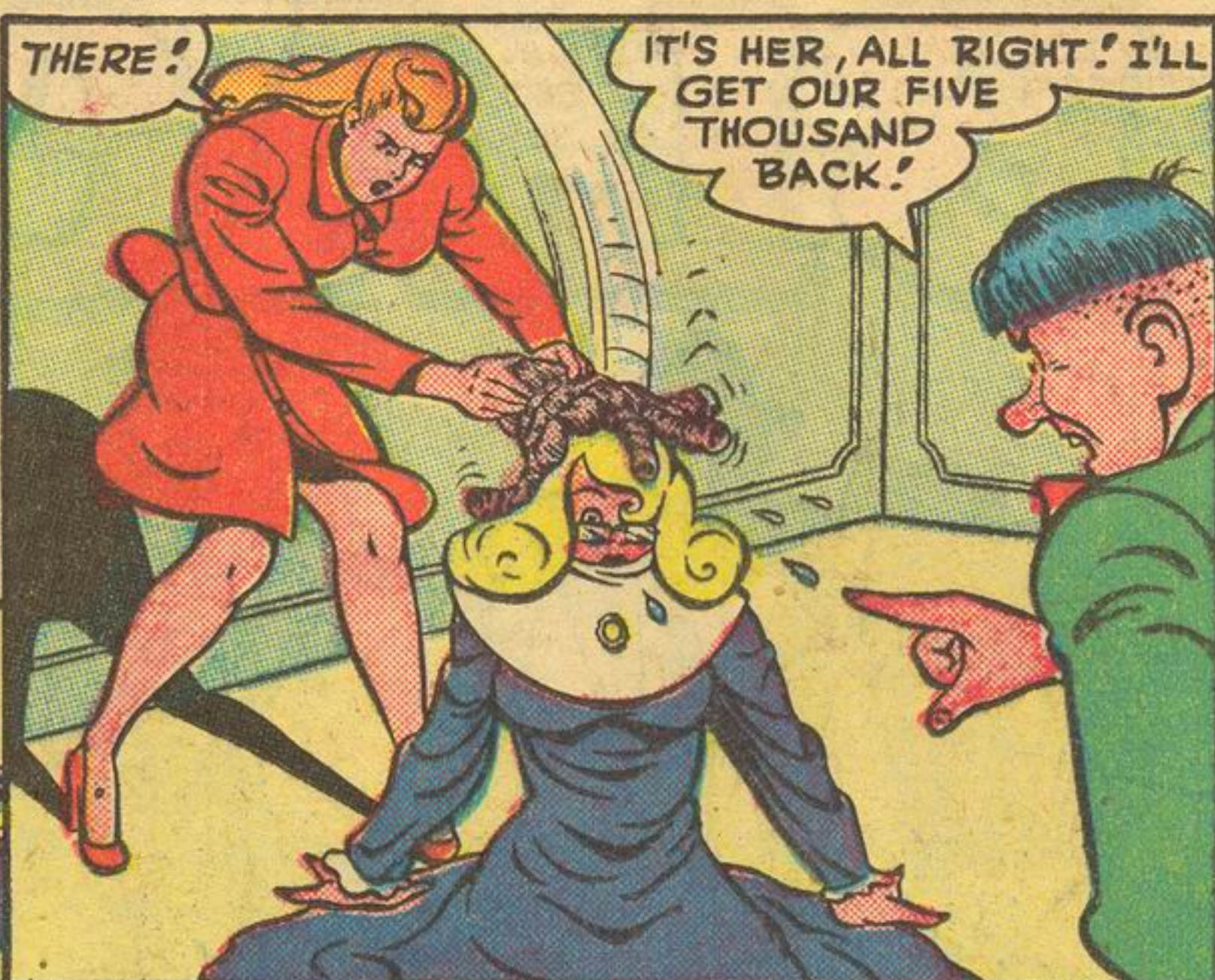
ME? NOW, MR. BOKE, JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU THREE YEARS AGO WHEN I HIT TOWN DIRECT FROM MY MAGNOLIA SCENTED MANSION BACK HOME, I'M JUST TWENTY-TWO AND A HALF!











BLACK X



The Williscroft reception ball was a model of orderly gaiety until.....



I AM A DETECTIVE, MRS. WILLIS-CROFT... BLACK X! WITH WHOM WERE YOU DANCING JUST NOW?

I WAS HER PARTNER, BLACK X! BUT YOU CAN'T ACCUSE ME! I'LL SUBMIT TO SEARCH, QUESTIONING... ANYTHING!



I DOUBT IF WE'D FIND THE PENDANT ON YOU! I'M MORE INTERESTED IN THIS CHAP WHO CAME TO THE BALL WITH YOU!

YOU ACCUSE ME, SIR? THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED... I'LL SUE YOU FOR LIBEL... I'LL...



OH! MY PENDANT...
IT FELL OUT OF HIS
POCKET!

AS I KNEW! CALL THE
POLICE TO TAKE HIM AND
HIS ACCOMPLICE WHO
DANCED WITH YOU!



SUCH A THEFT ON THE DANCE
FLOOR IS HARD FOR YOUR
DANCING PARTNER TO MANAGE!
BUT HE CAN EASILY DANCE
YOU NEAR HIS FRIEND, WHO
UNFASTENS THE CATCH FROM
BEHIND YOU AND WHISKS THE
PRIZE AWAY!

THAT WAS
BRILLIANT, SIR!
YOU'RE A
THINKER AND
A FIGHTER!
MAY I ASK
A VERY GREAT
FAVOR OF YOU?



I RECOGNIZE YOU,
SIR... J.D. COBURN,
THE FAMOUS
CONSTRUCTION
ENGINEER!

LET ME TELL YOU A SECRET,
BLACK X! COBURN IS A
NAME I GAVE MYSELF!
TEN YEARS AGO I DIDN'T
KNOW WHO I WAS... NOR
WHAT!



AT THAT TIME, I AWOKED
IN A HOSPITAL... MY
MEMORY GONE, WITH
NO IDENTIFICATION, NO
KNOWLEDGE OF MY
PREVIOUS LIFE! I
DIDN'T EVEN KNOW
HOW I GOT THERE!

PROBABLY AN
ACCIDENT CAUSED
THE AMNESIA! BUT
YOU STARTED OVER
AGAIN... WORKED
HARD AND HONESTLY
TO RISE TO THE TOP
OF THE ENGINEERING
PROFESSION!



SINCE WAKING IN THE
HOSPITAL, YOU'VE BEEN
A USEFUL CITIZEN AND
A CREDIT TO THE
COMMUNITY!

BUT WHAT ABOUT
BEFORE? LOOK
AT THIS ANONYMOUS
LETTER I RECEIVED
TODAY!



J.D. Coburn, so-called...
You've done mighty
well for yourself the
last few years. How
about cutting in your
old pals who aren't
so rich... but who
could tell the cops
who you USED to
be? Stand by for a
phone call at
midnight!

ANONYMOUS
LETTERS ARE
SNEAKY! SO ARE
THE PEOPLE WHO
WRITE THEM!
I'LL HELP YOU,
SIR!



A quick call to Black X's apartment, where his trusted lieutenant waits...



... IF YOU USE MY NAME AT THE HOSPITAL, I THINK THEY'LL TELL YOU! BUT REMEMBER, BATU... NO WORD TO ANYONE ELSE OF WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO LEARN!



MY SILENCE IS AS THE GRAVE, SAHIB! WE MEET, THEN AT COBURN'S!

THE DOOR WAS OPEN, BATU, SO I WALKED IN TO SAY GOOD EVENING TO BLACK X!



AH, MR. BURTON, THE POLICE INSPECTOR! A THOUSAND APOLOGIES, BUT I MUST HURRY ON AN ERRAND FOR MY MASTER!

THAT MEANS A CASE! AS USUAL, BLACK X WON'T CONFIDE IN ME! WELL, SEE YOU LATER!

Beef Burton secretly follows Batu...



HOSPITAL, HUH? WHAT THEY TELL HIM, THEY'LL TELL ME!



YES, INSPECTOR, HE CAME FOR RECORDS ON AN AMNESIA CASE WE HANDLED TEN YEARS AGO! THE PATIENT RECOVERED IN ALL BUT MEMORY! HE'S KNOWN TODAY AS J.D. COBURN!

THE BIG-SHOT ENGINEER? I'M STAYING ON THIS TRAIL!

Batu comes to Coburn's house, as ordered....



I KNOW THAT GUY... HE WORKS FOR BLACK X!

SO COBURN'S ASKING FOR HELP, HUH? BEST AND QUICKEST WAY IS FOR US TO RUB HIM OUT AND GRAB THAT PAPER HE'S CARRYING!



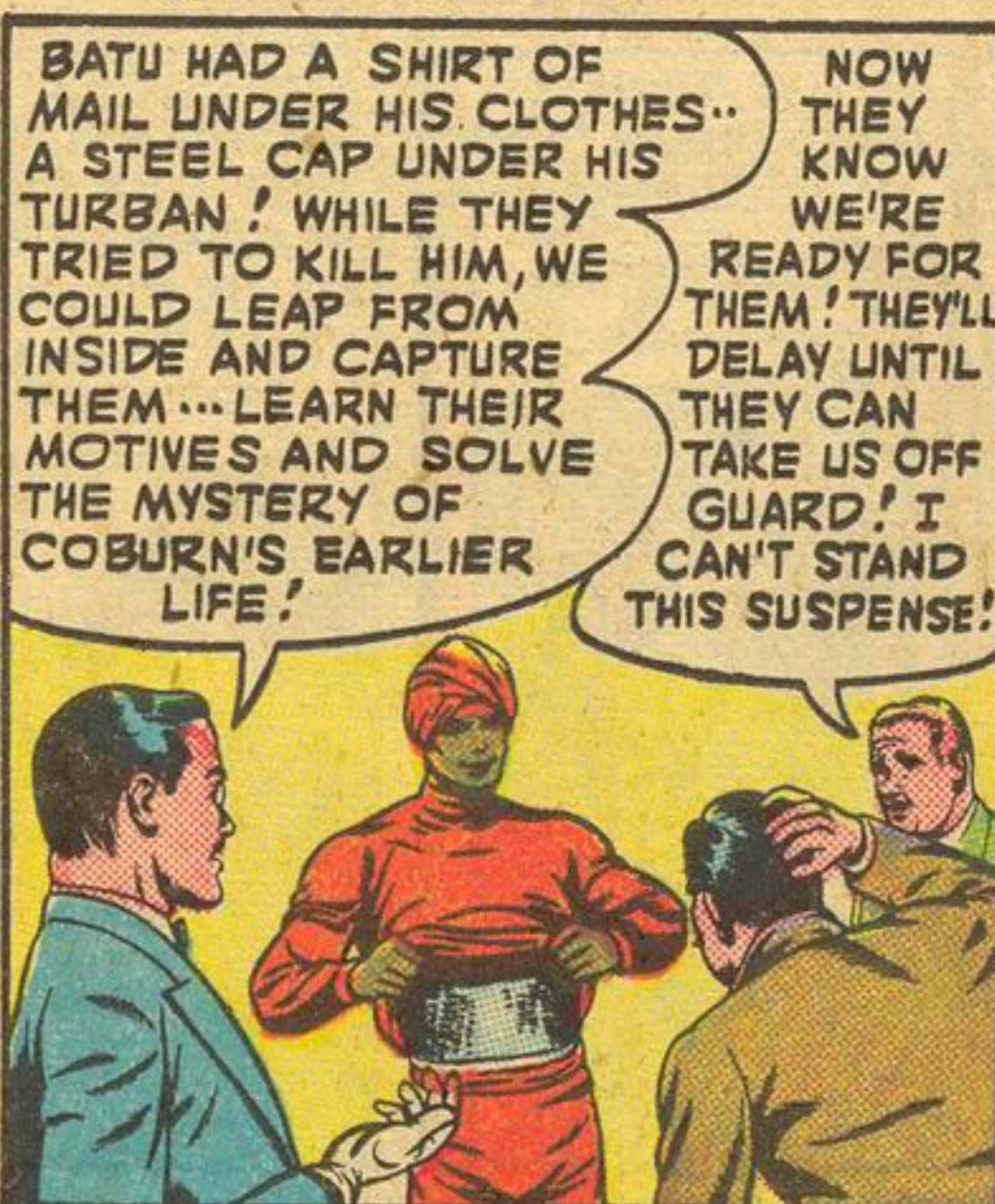
OKAY, GUY, YOU'RE ON THE SPOT! HAND OVER THAT THING, BEFORE...

HALT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

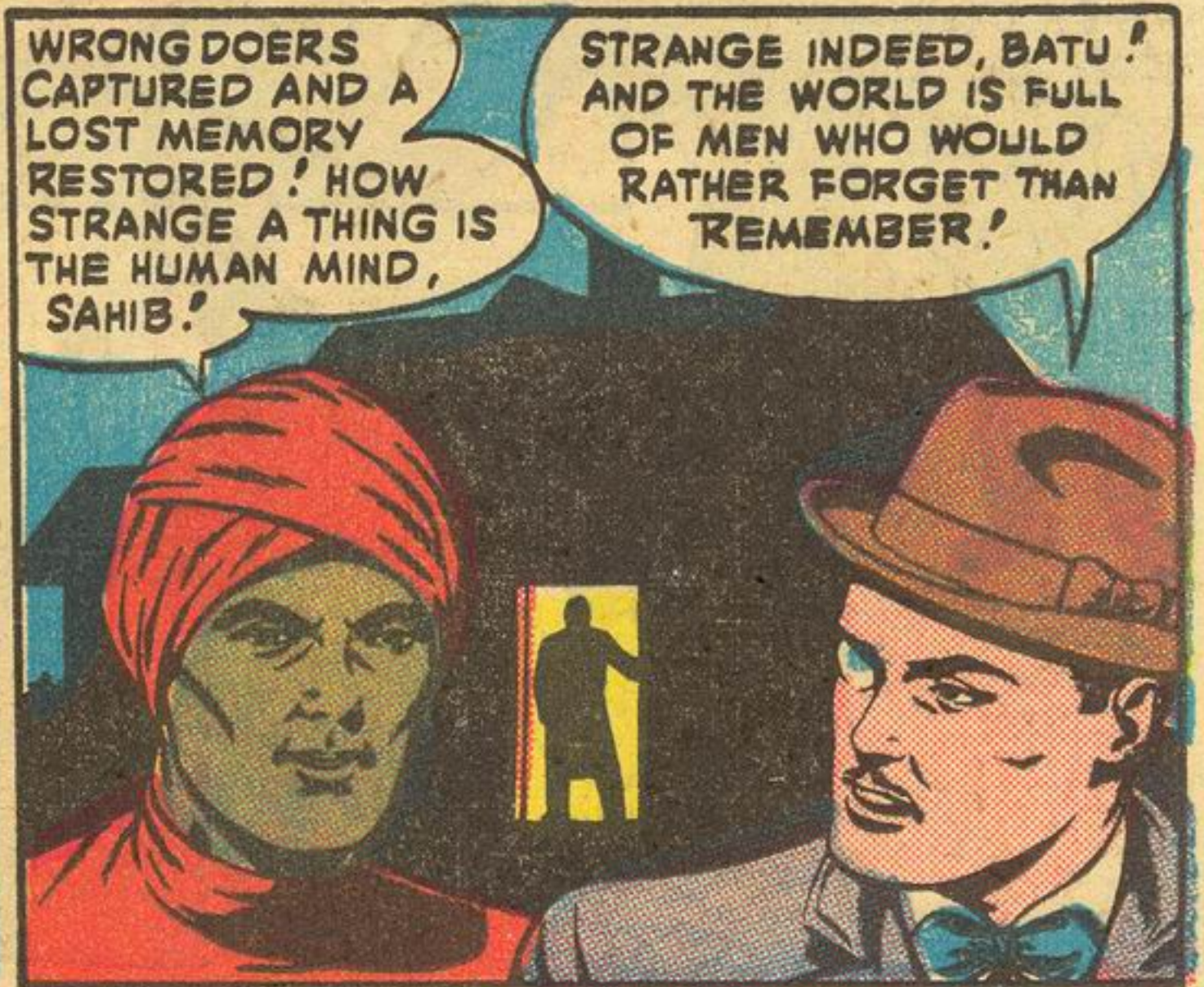


A COP! RUN!

BEEF BURTON, YOU HEROIC IDIOT! YOU'VE SPOILED MY PLAN!







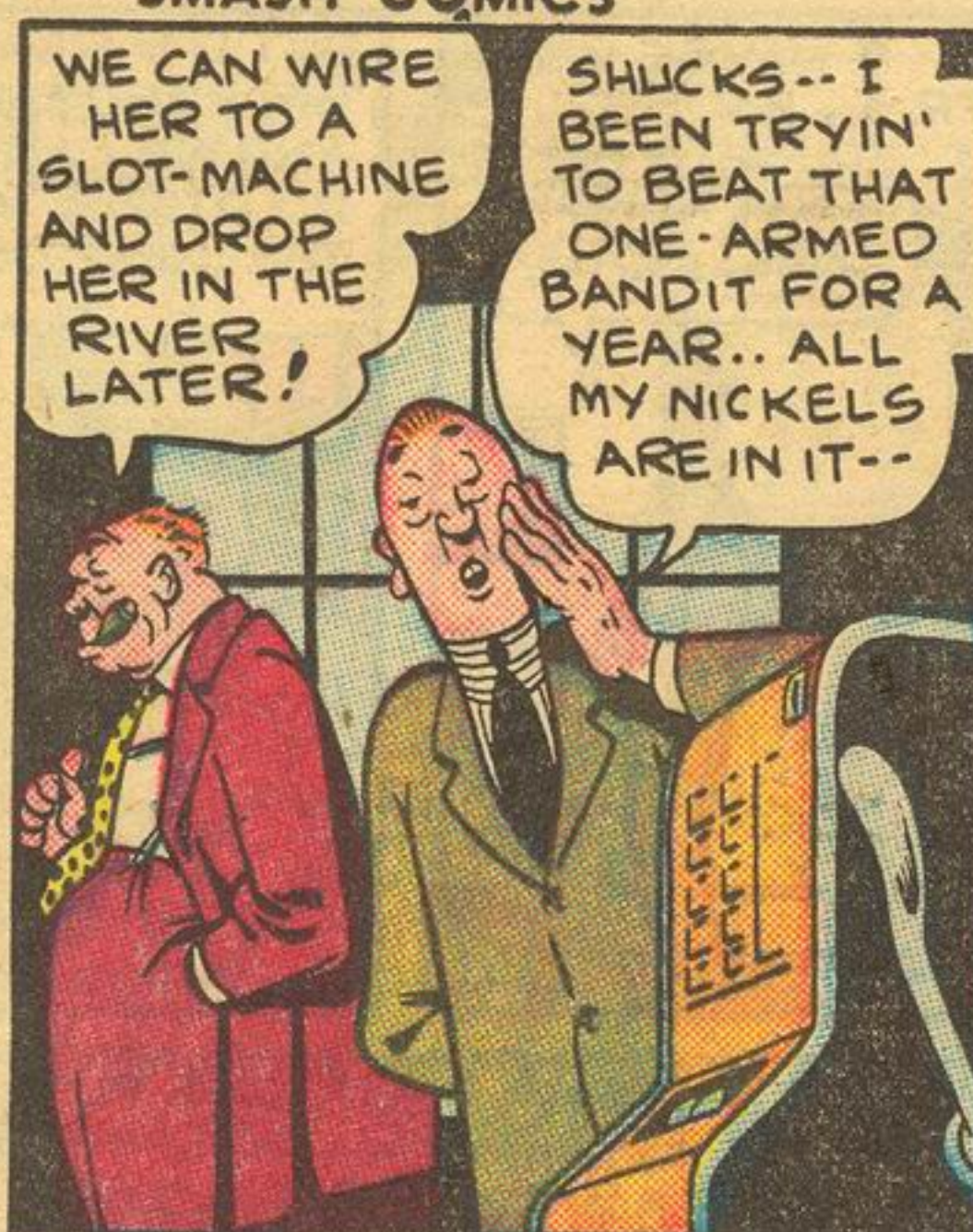
LADY LUCK

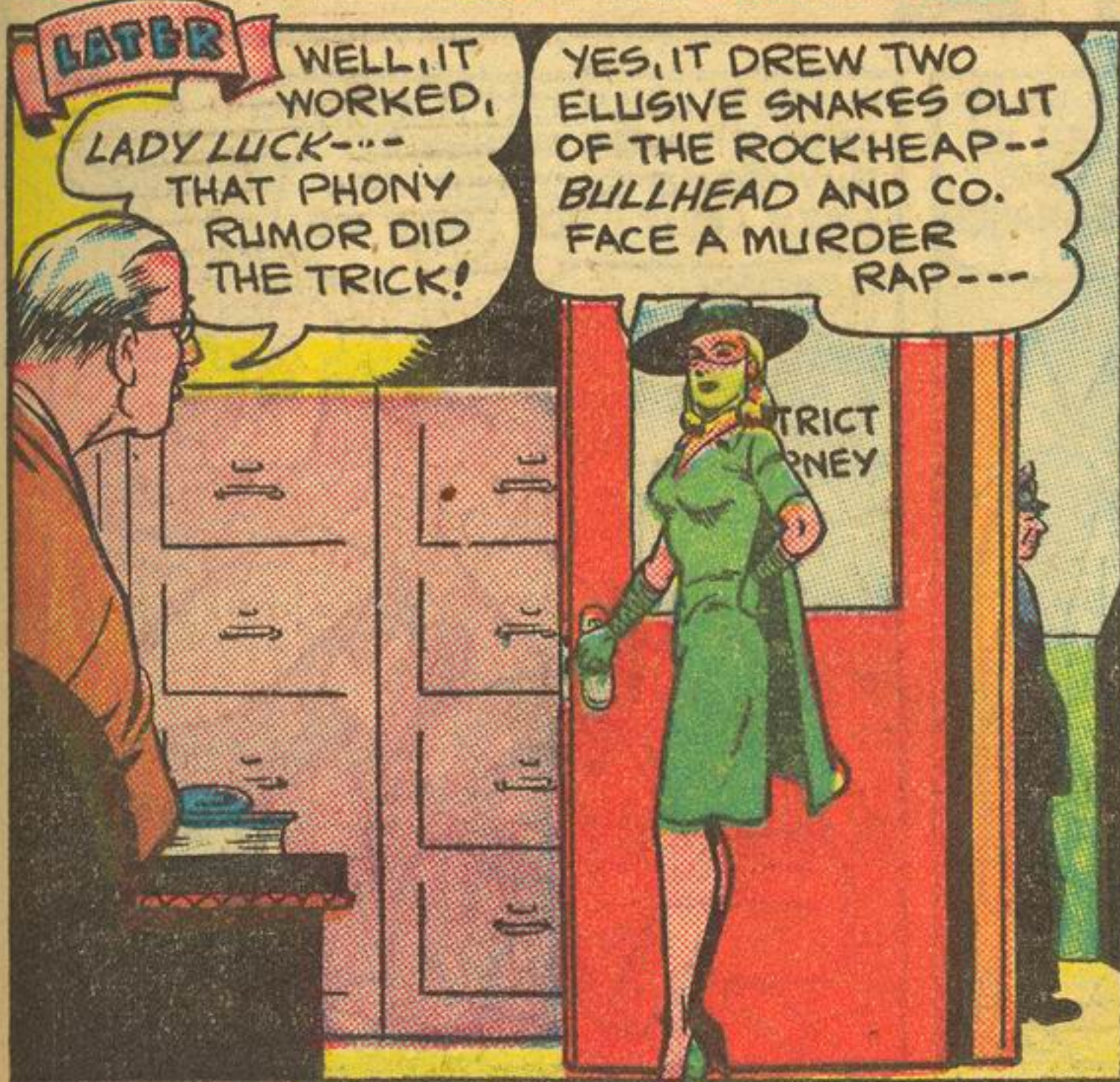
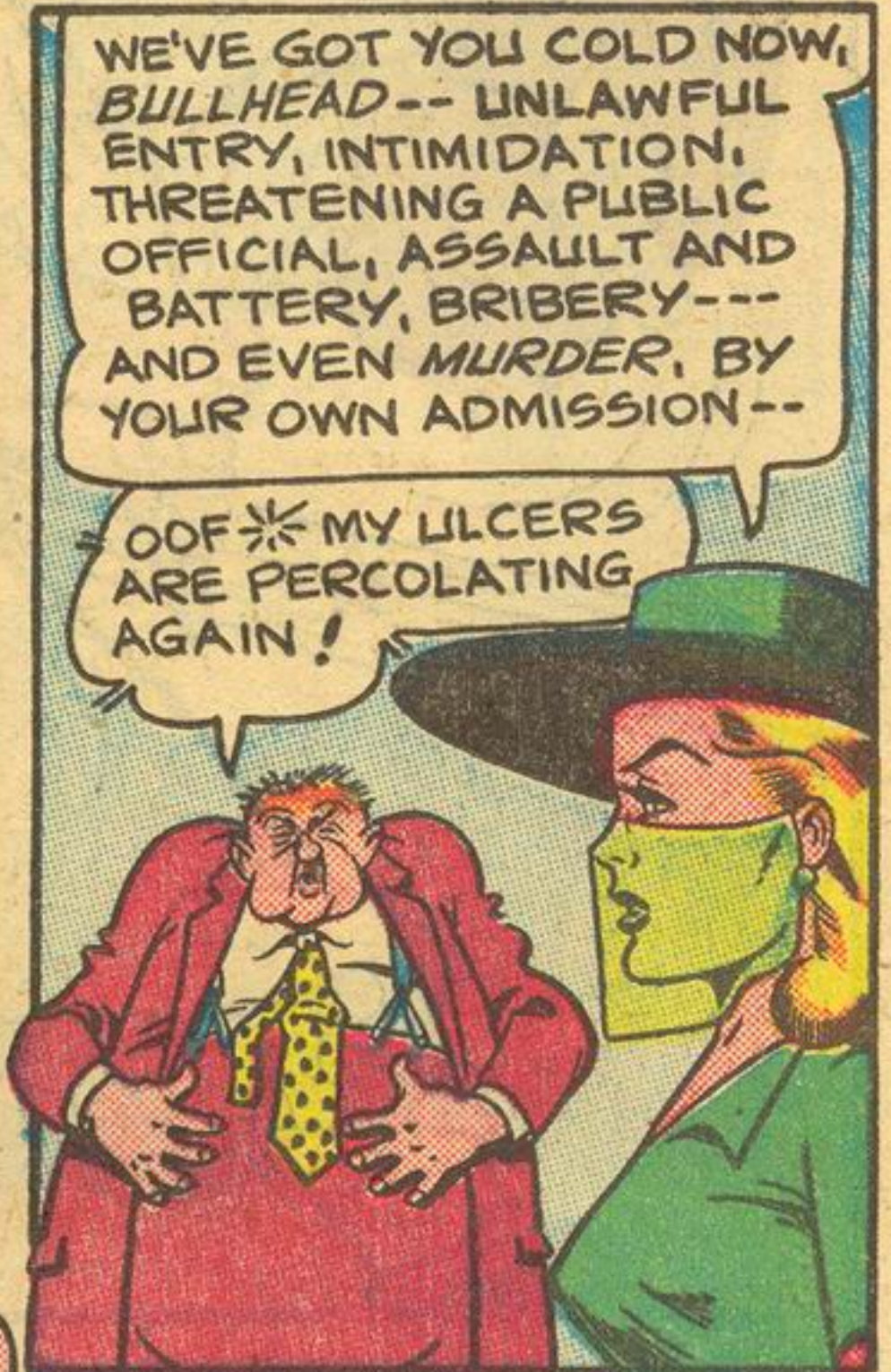
By Klaus Nordling





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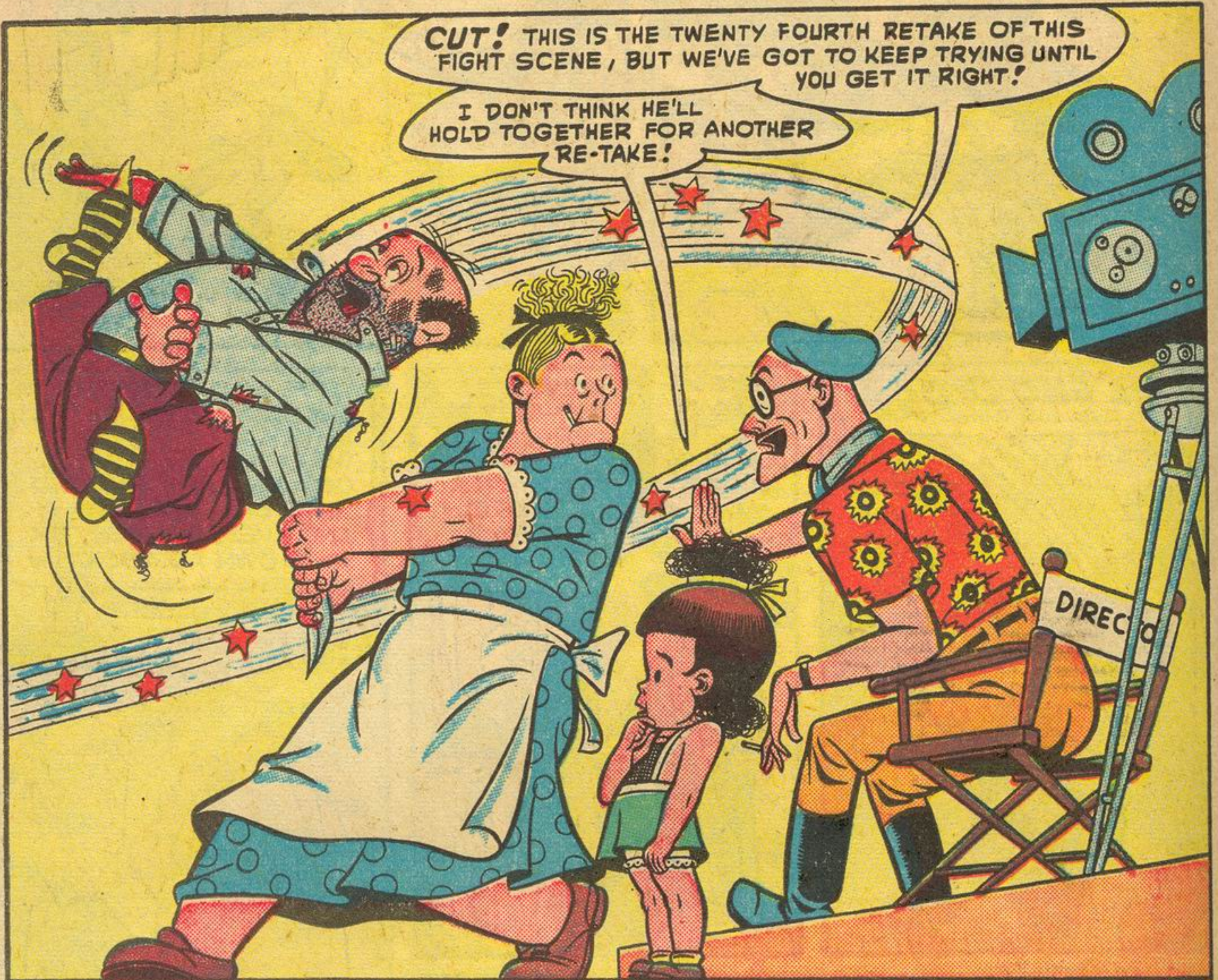


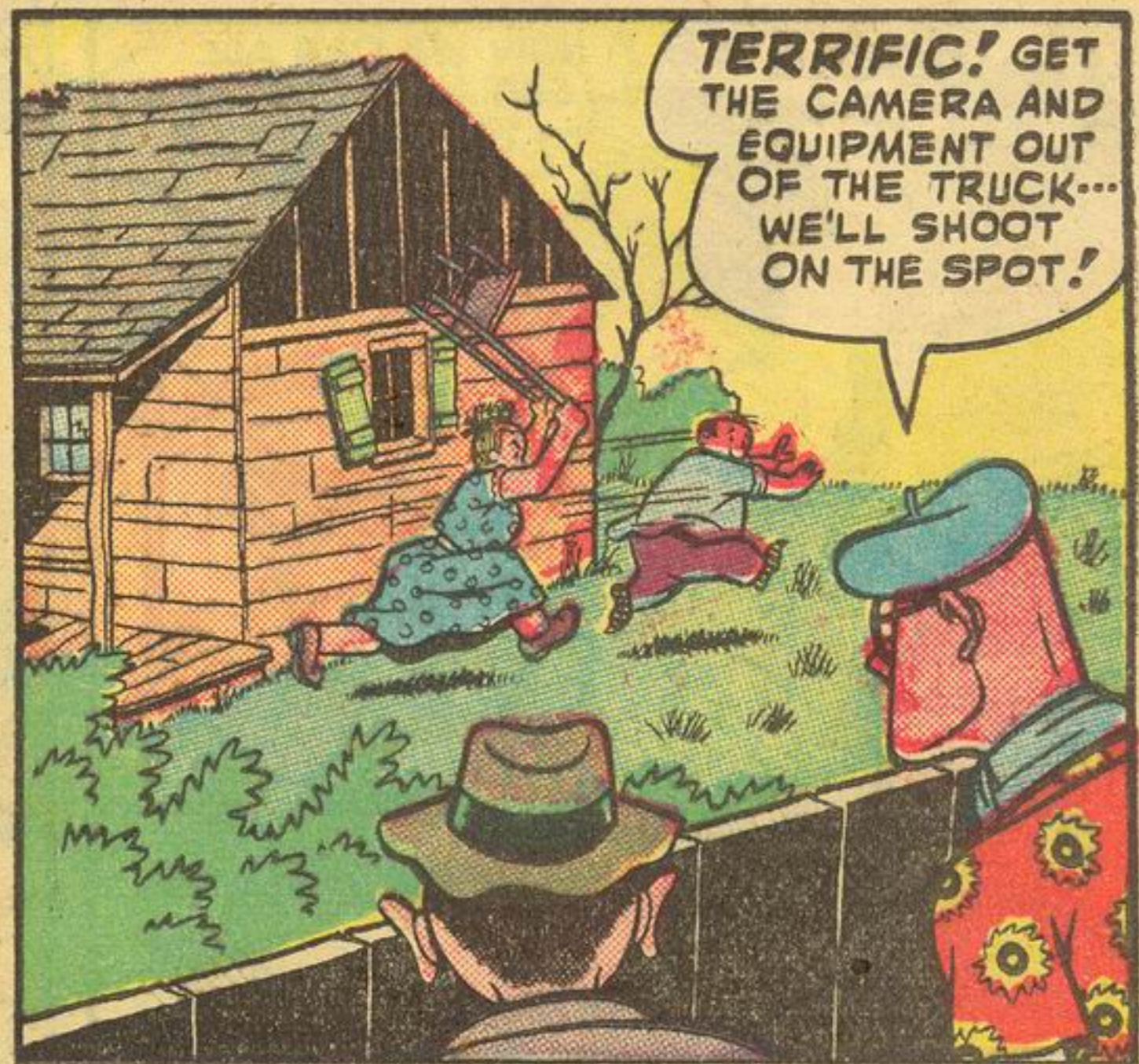
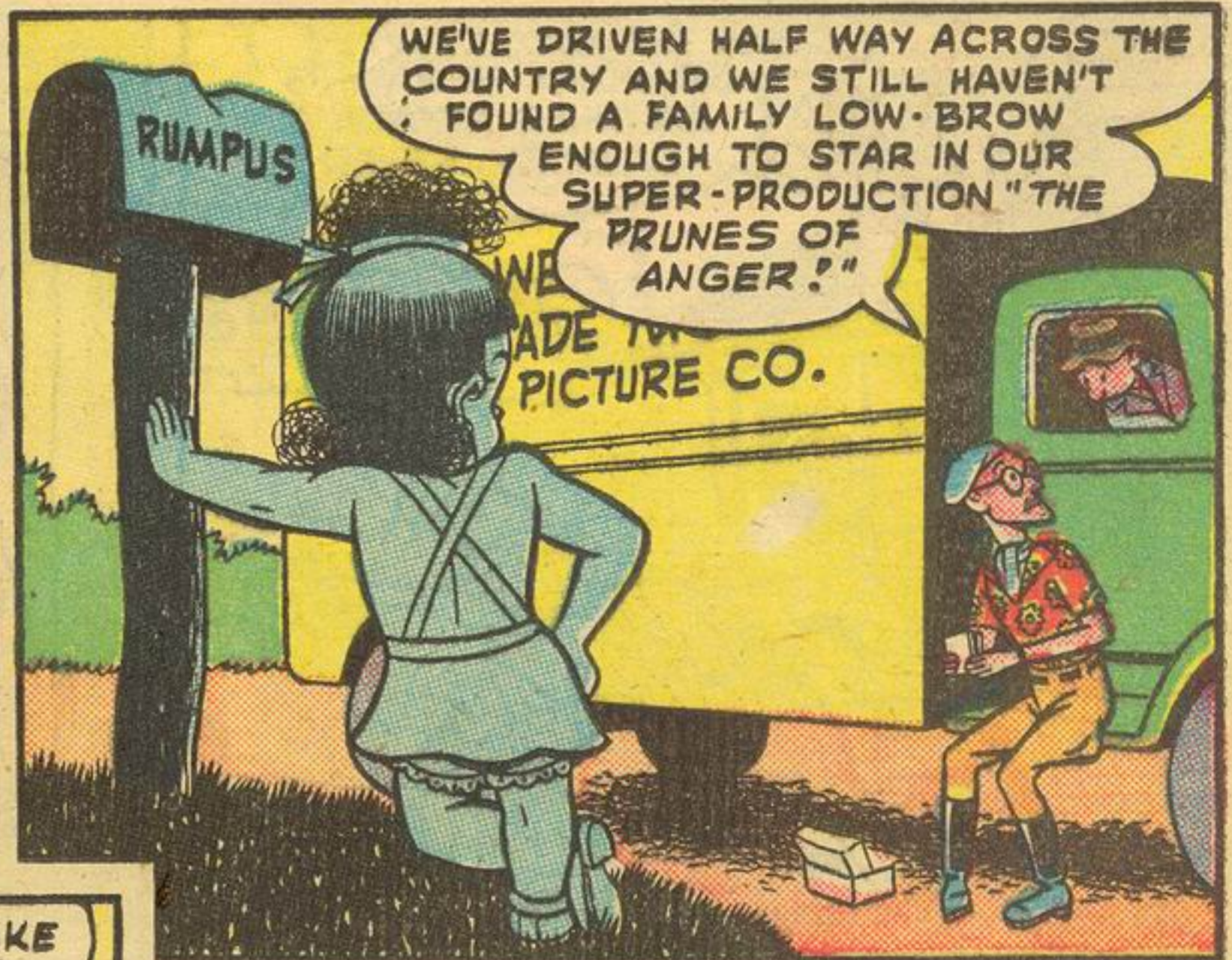
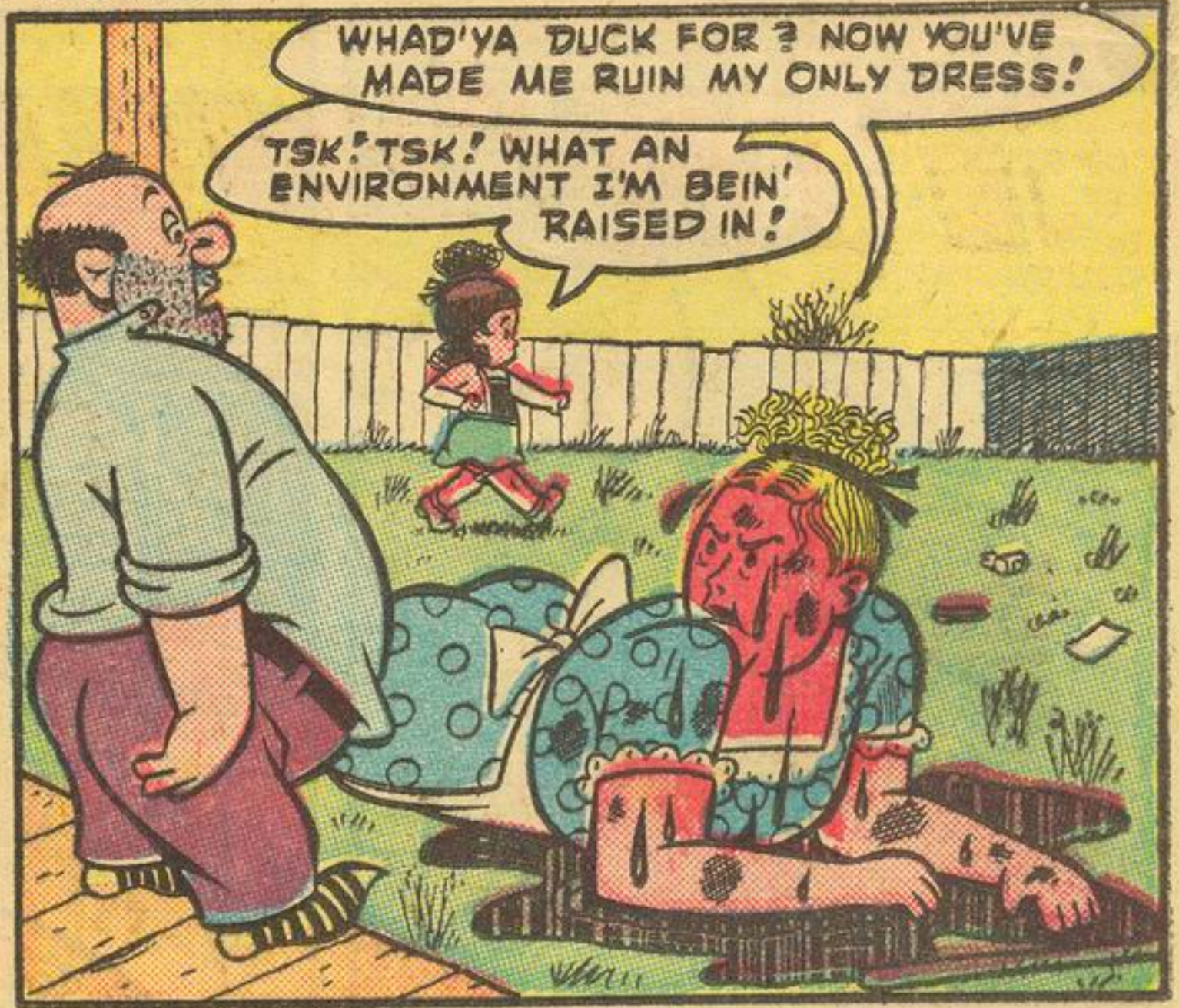


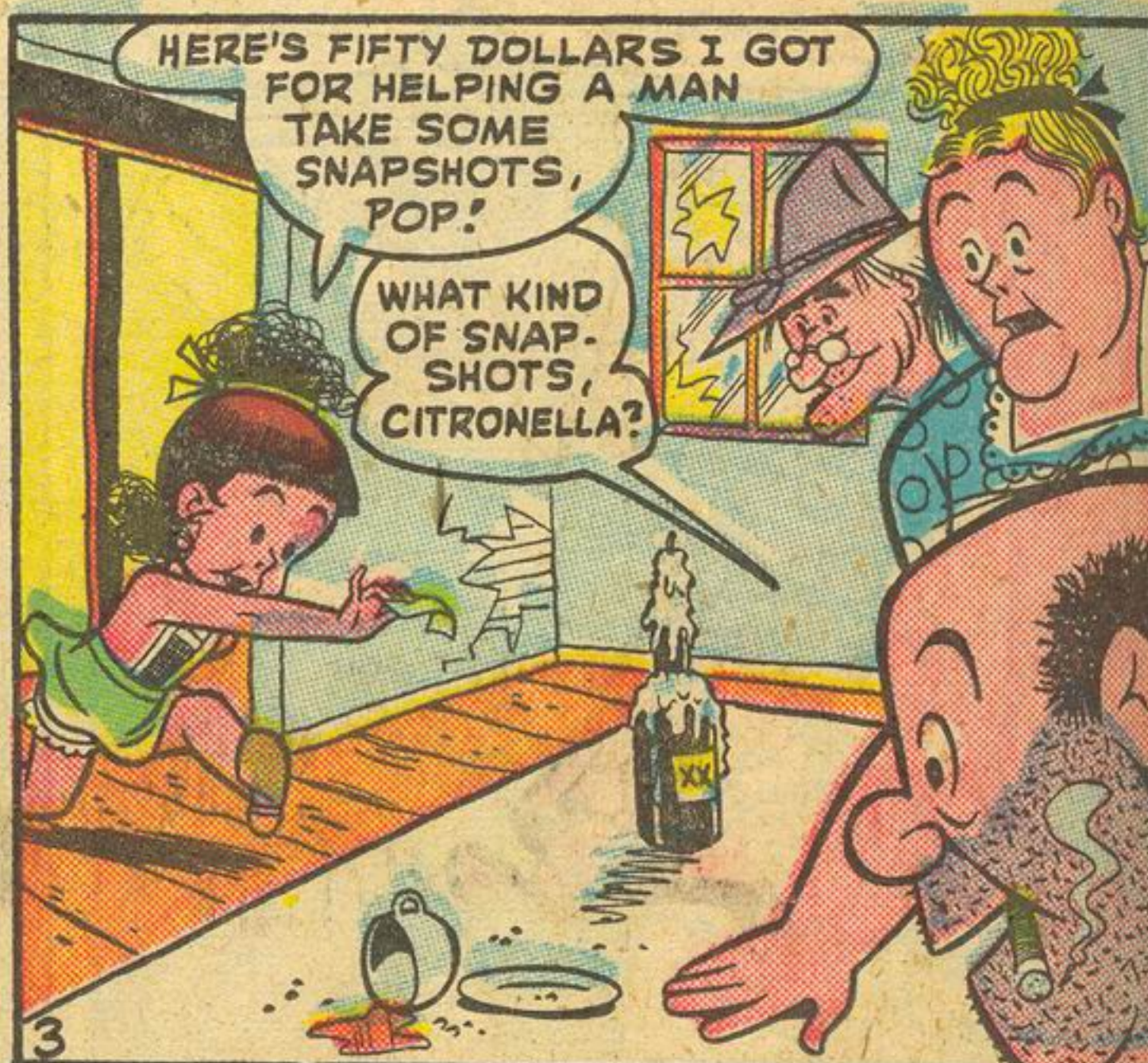
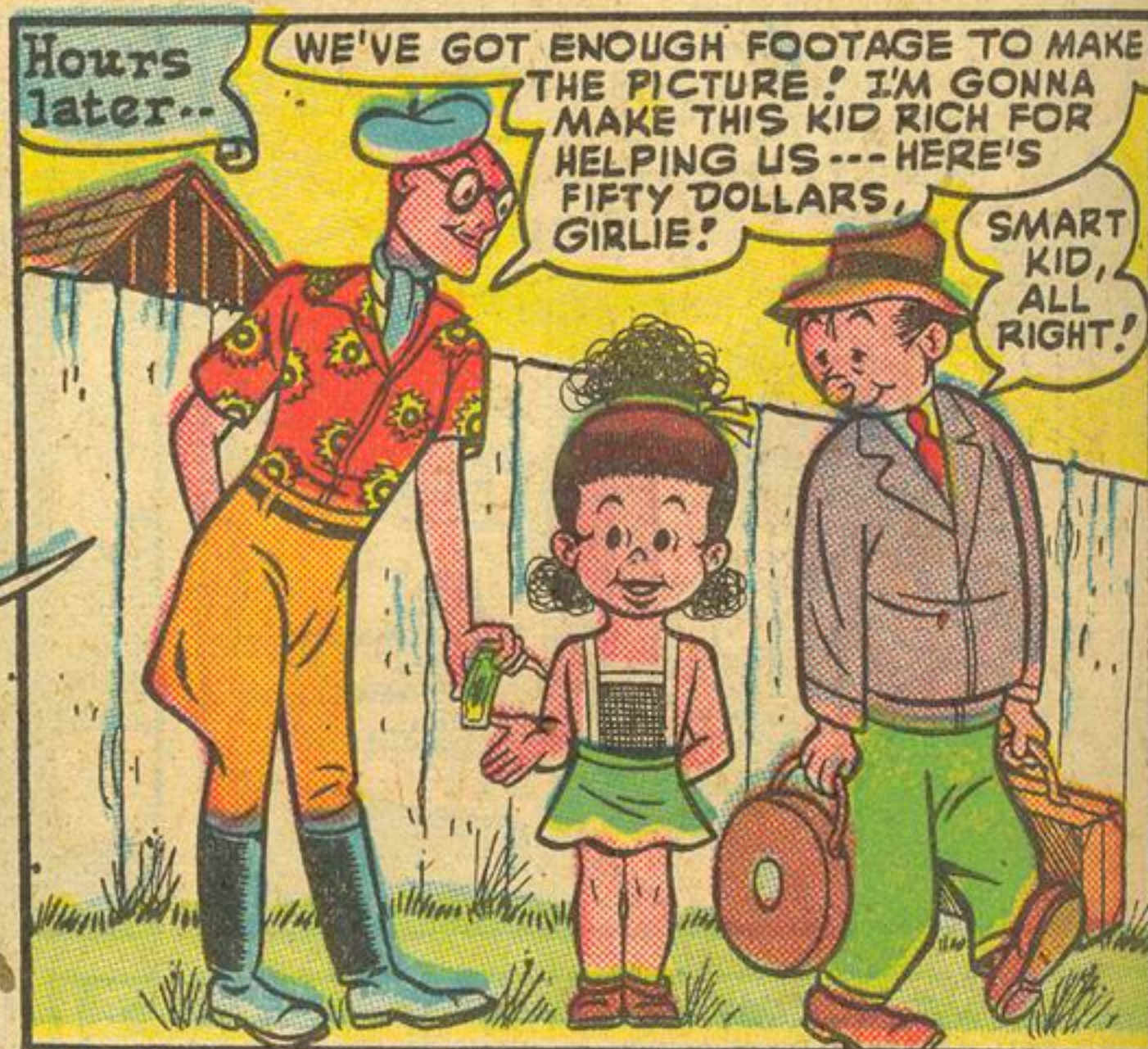
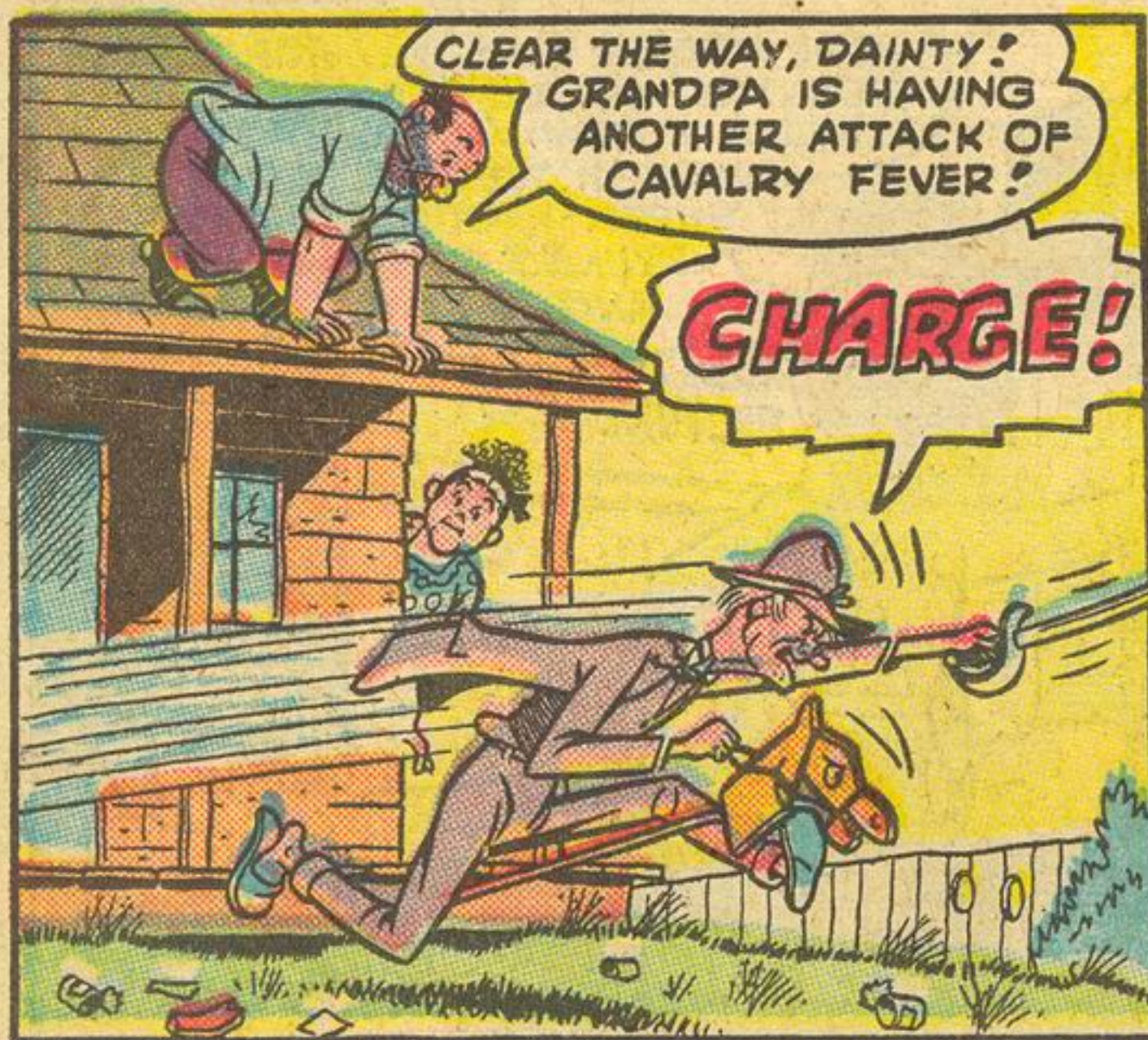
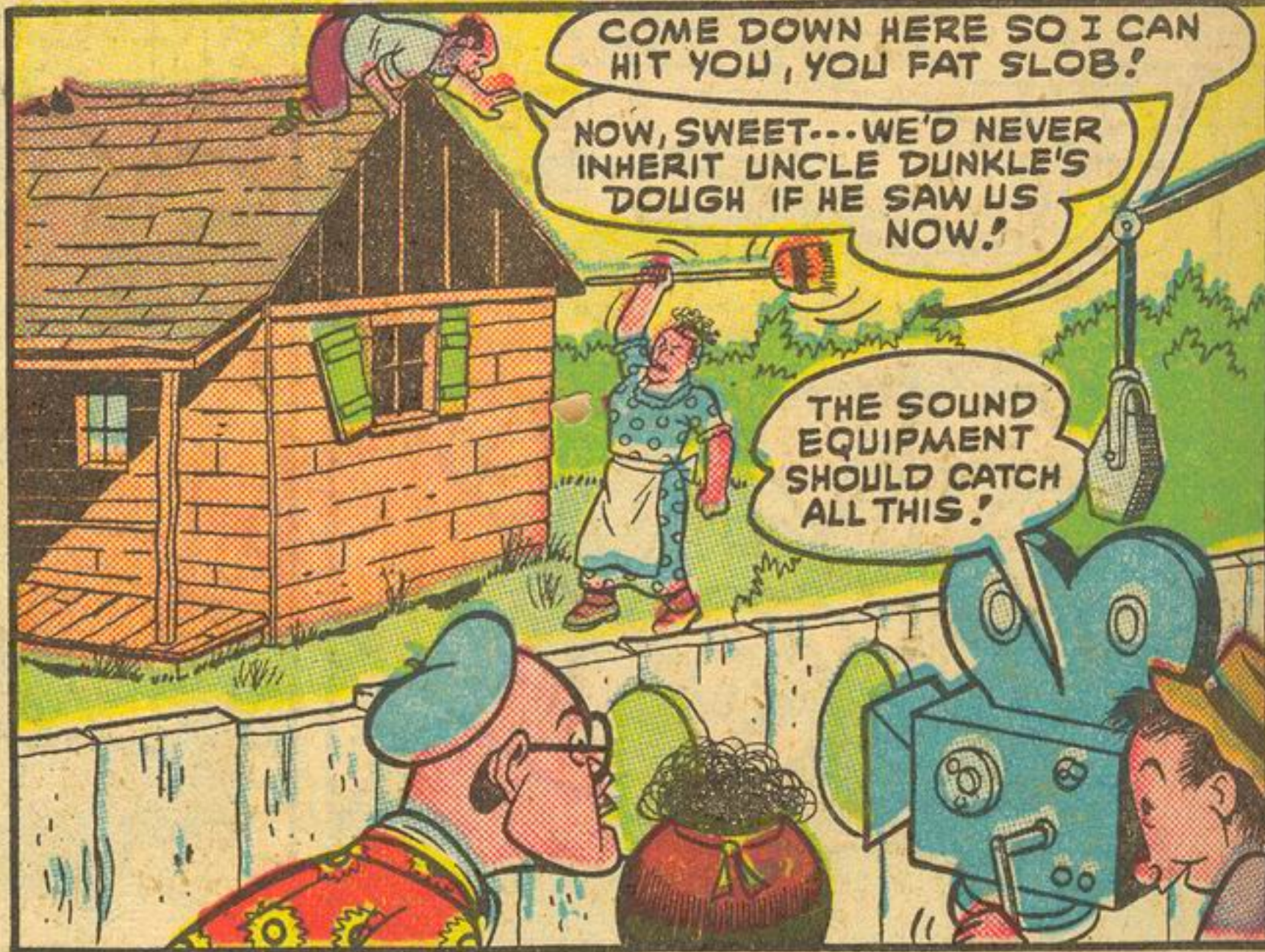
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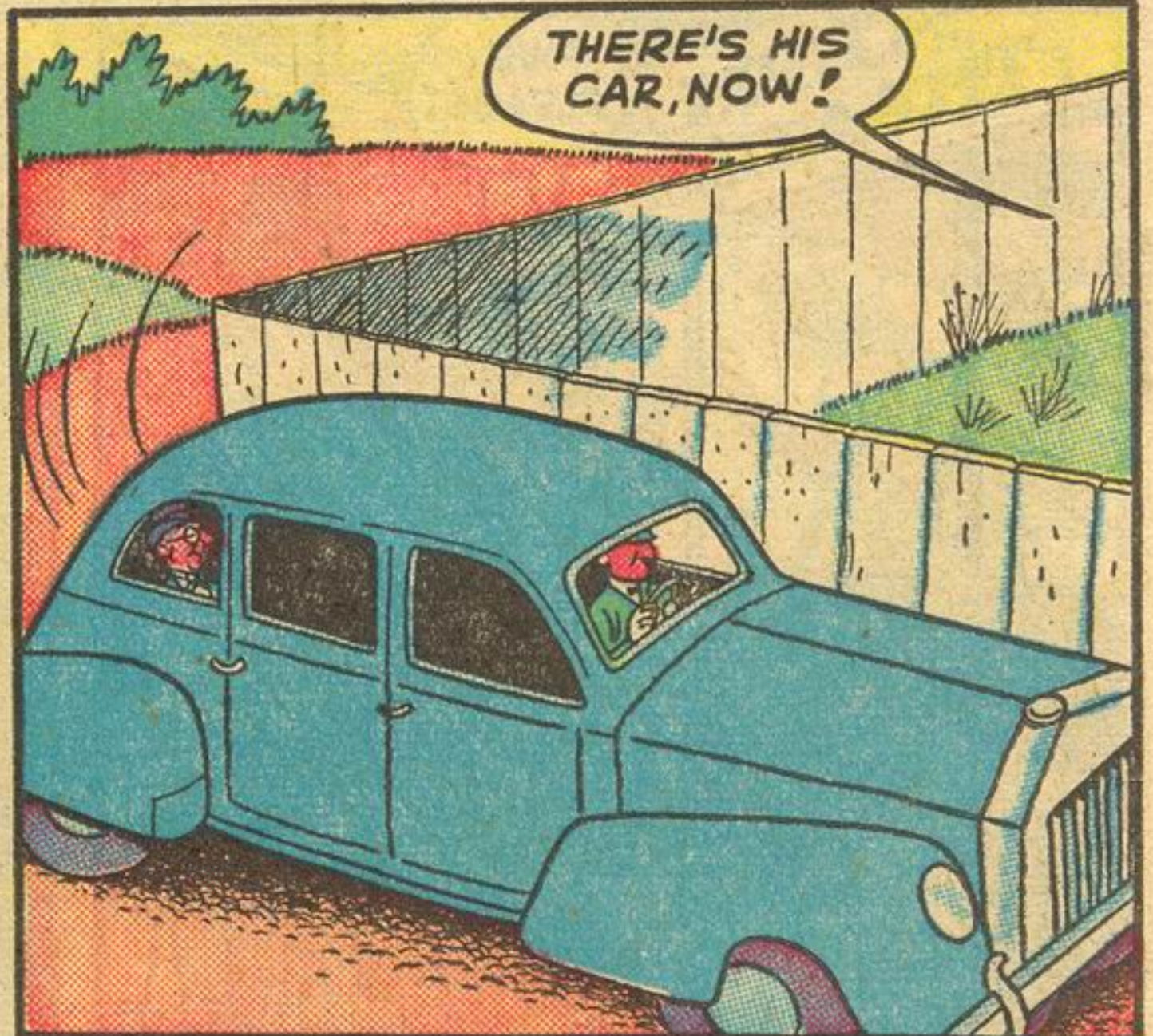
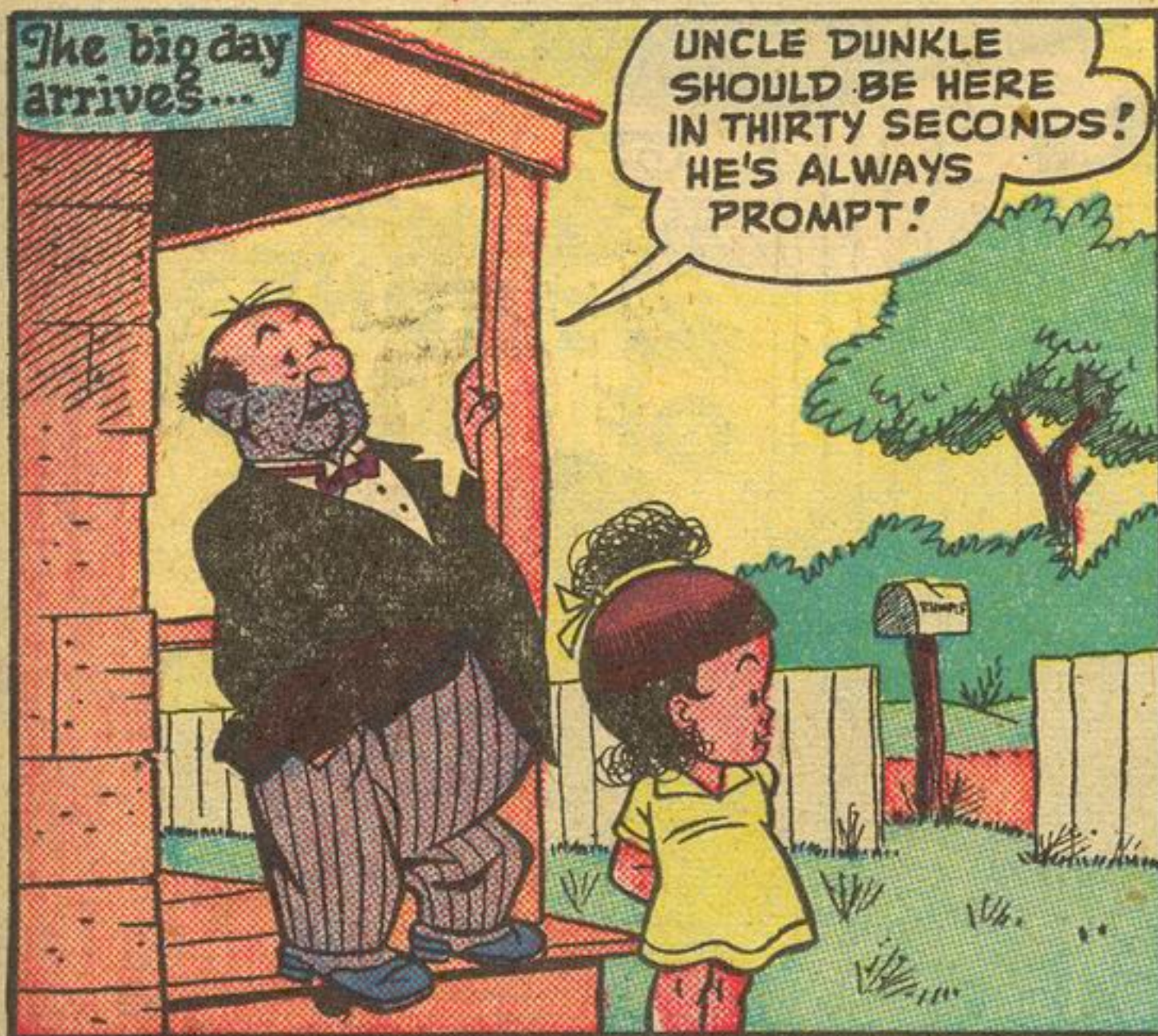
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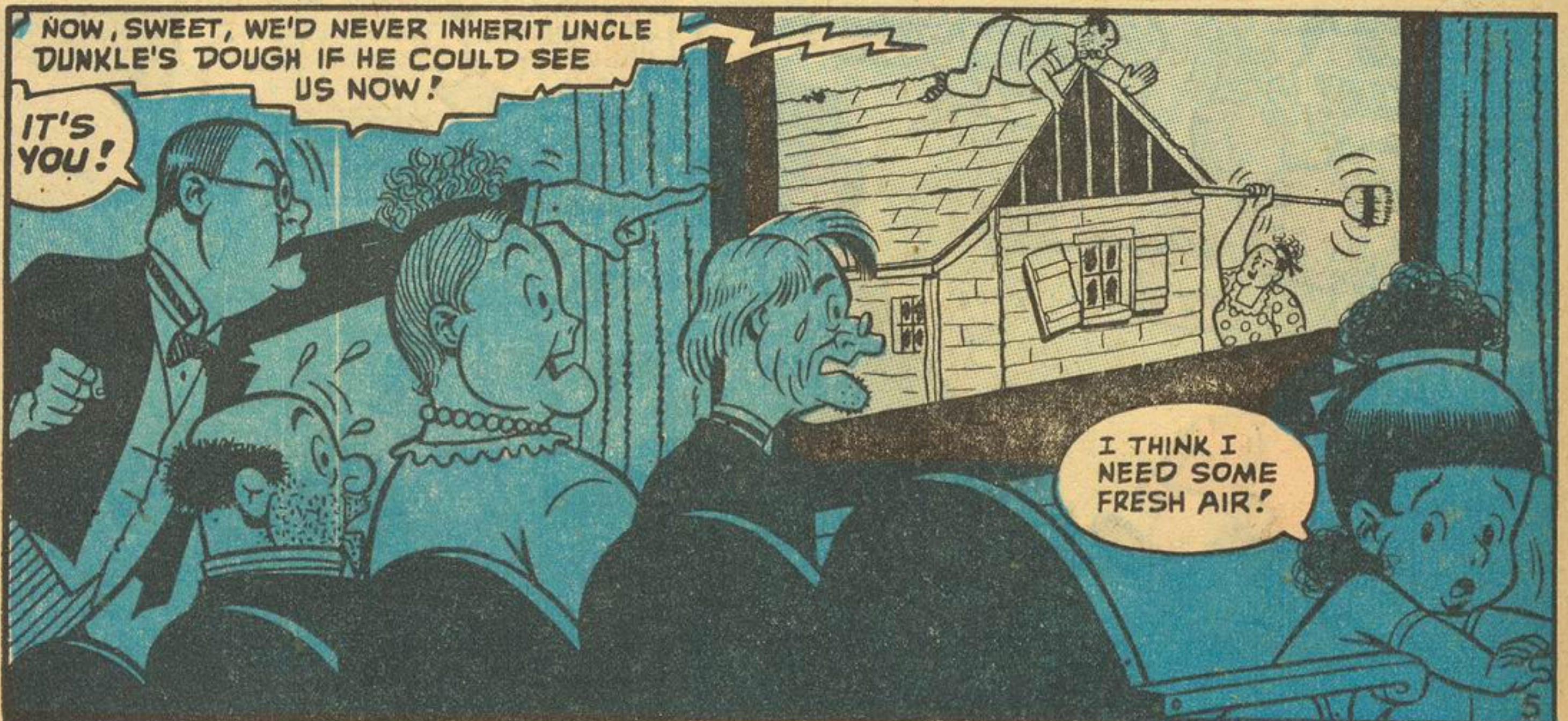
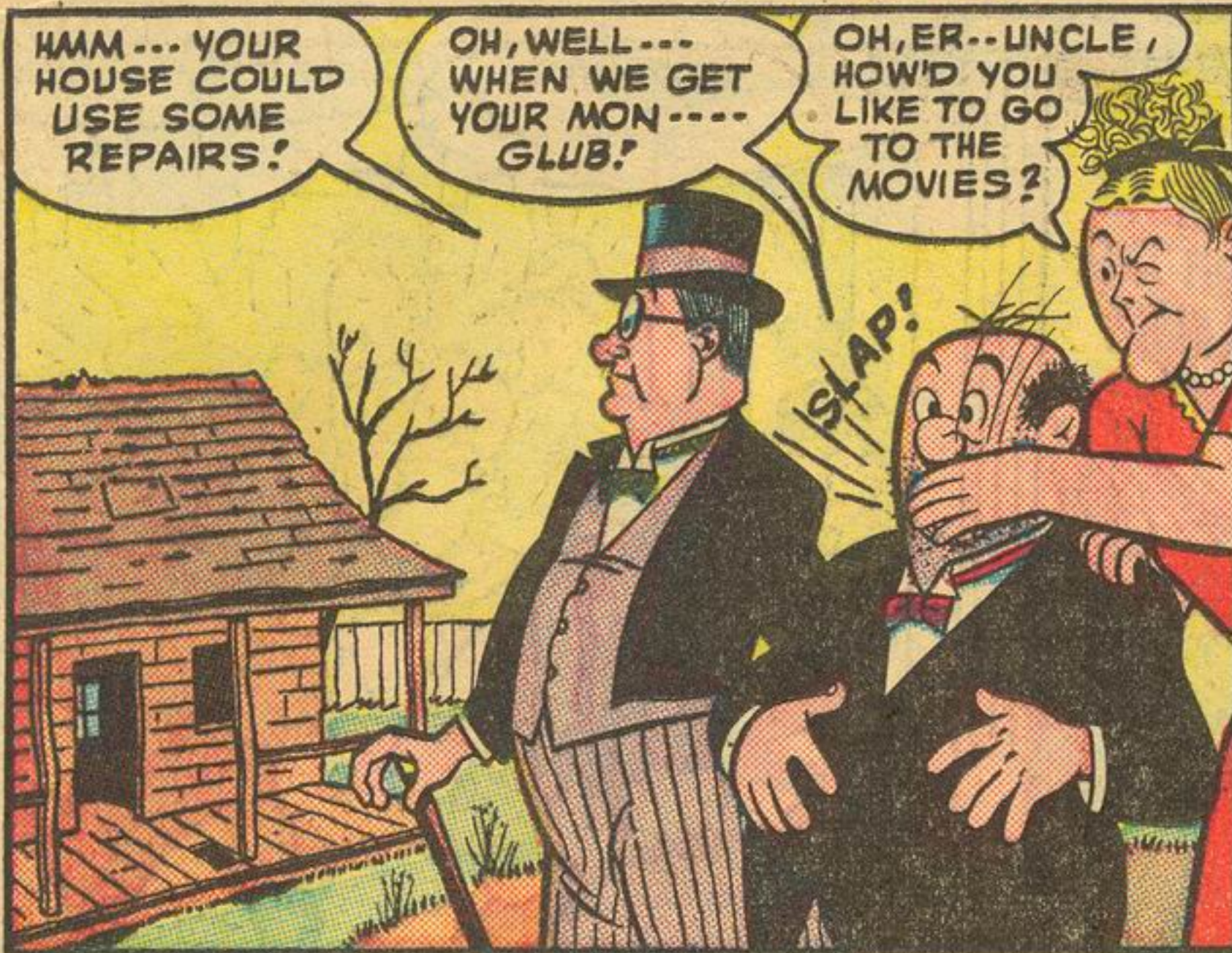
Cit nearly wins the Rumpus family a big inheritance, but her method boomerangs!

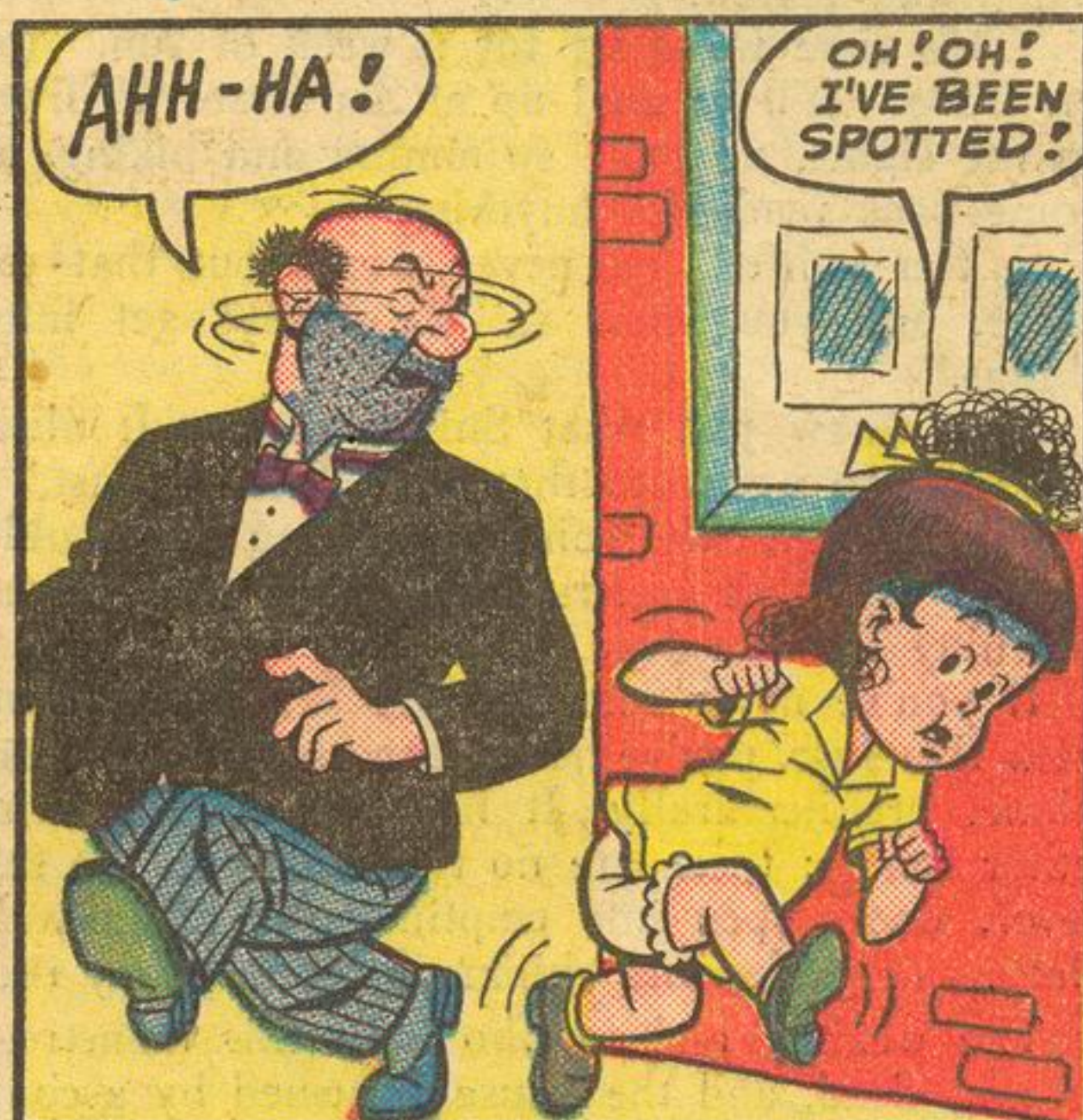












Mystery Manor

SNIFFER Snoop pulled the last strap on his suitcase tight and said, "There. I'm all set for traveling."

"One thing I want to impress on you," said Dave Clark. "No detecting this time. We're on a pleasure jaunt—to a so-called haunted house, to be sure—but we'll leave the haunts to the guides and tourists."

Sniffer grinned. He fancied himself a great detective. He had worked for Dave Clark many months now. Dave was chief radio announcer at one of the local radio stations. But sometimes he assumed a far different character, a character that criminals hated and feared.

"This time we're off for a week of fun," went on Dave. "It'll be cool up at San Jose. We'll take in the sights, do some swimming and hiking, and come back ready for anything."

Sniffer sniffed. "It never works out that way, Dave, and you know it. We always get into—things."

Dave knew just what Sniffer meant. It always did seem to work out that way. "But at least," he said pointedly, "we won't go looking for trouble."

And with that understanding, they took off next morning for San Jose.

If you've never seen the old Winchester House near San Jose, you've never seen anything. It stands alone, architecturally. It has 160 rooms, among other things; there are no two floors on the same level; doors open into emptiness, or blank walls; dozens of gables and chimneys dot its many roofs.

The wealthy recluse who built this monstrosity is now dead, and the house is owned by a couple who take tourists on trips through it—for a fee.

There are several mysteries about the Winchester House. . . .

It was a fresh April morning when Dave Clark and Sniffer Snoop drew up before the rambling house in their rented car. They sat for a while looking at the ancient pile, bathed in morning sunshine. It didn't look forbidding. And yet there was something about it—something.

"Gives me the willies," said Sniffer. "I never saw anything so ugly."

"It's not beautiful, that's a cinch," replied Dave. "But then, it was built many years ago."

"I'd just as soon we didn't go in there," Sniffer said. "I don't like the lay of things."

Dave laughed and clapped his little companion on the back. "Not going timid, are you, Sniff?"

Sniffer jumped out of the car and headed for the house. "Who says I'm gettin' timid?" he demanded angrily. This was a touchy point with Sniffer.

"Okay. Right behind you," said Dave. He got out and followed Sniffer.

The guide at the door nodded to them when they had paid their admissions, and motioned for them to follow.

"Watch your step," warned the guide. "There are a lot of trick steps along the way."

A few minutes later, another car pulled up outside the old house and two men got out. They were hard looking characters, and they seemed to know what they were about. While one of them paid the admissions, the other, keeping his right hand in his pocket, glanced furtively around.

"They're in here, all right," he said.

"Sure," said the other. "What'll we do with the ticket mugg?"

"This," said the first one, and cracked the man at the door a good one with a blackjack. He fell over with a groan. The two men dragged him out of sight behind some spare doors, then found a placard that read, HOUSE CLOSED TODAY, and hung it up outside.

"That'll keep the snoopers away," said one of the men. "Now let's get goin' after Dave Clark and his stooge."

Dave and Sniffer, following their guide, had walked miles. Or so it seemed to them.

"Say," said Sniffer, "how far have we actually walked?"

"Oh, 'bout three miles," said the guide. He laughed. "If you want the full treatment, it's a good three miles more."

Dave nodded. "Sure, give us the works."

They had gone through dozens of rooms, big and small, some with and some without windows. Some of the windows opened on blank walls, as did various doors.

"It's dangerous to go through this house unless you know where you're goin'," said the guide. "You might step through one and fall three stories."

A loud creak, then a cracking sounded in the wall. Sniffer jumped, paling.

"Only the house settlin'," the guide told them.

"Is it really haunted?" inquired Sniffer with rolling eyes.

The guide laughed. "Could be. Some funny things have happened around here."

At that moment there was a pattering of fast-running feet overhead. They all three looked up. The guide shoved back his cap.

"That's funny," he said. "I'm the only guide workin' today. Can't imagine Louie lettin' people in that way."

A furtive creaking, like a stairstep being trod on,

SMASH COMICS

sounded ahead, and Dave and the guide dashed toward the sound. The hall was gloomy. Sniffer was slow getting started. Just as he took off, something tripped him and he sprawled flat on his face. Then something grabbed him by the feet and yanked. Before he could cry out, a hand muffled his mouth. He felt cords being tied tight about his wrists and ankles. A gag was stuffed into his mouth and a rag tied over his face.

"We got the runt," he heard a man say in a low voice. "We'll stuff him in this dark closet and lay for Clark. He'll not leave this dump till he finds his dummy pal."

Sniffer, helpless, was dumped unceremoniously into a pitch-dark closet and heard the door go shut. He tried to get loose, to yell. Not a sound issued through his gag. His ropes were like bands of iron.

Dave Clark and the guide returned to where they had left sniffer. Dave examined the dust on the floor.

"There has been a struggle," he said. "Someone clipped Sniffer and dragged him along the hall . . . see these tracks?"

The guide bent over, looking. He followed Dave to where they ended—at a blank wall. "You see what I mean?" he said. "This old place is all blanks. An' another thing." The guide's right hand darted for his hip pocket, but Dave, struck with a sudden thought, leaped into the shadows and donned a small eye mask. Now he was Midnight, famous the country over for his daring fight against crime.

The guide's pistol flamed, but the bullet whizzed past Midnight's ear. The gun spat again, and then the guide was gone, leaping up a narrow hallway.

Midnight stood for a moment, listening. The patter of running footsteps was audible. They sounded from above, from below, and from all sides. Then Midnight heard a stealthy scratching near the floor. He kicked against a panel in the wall; it was hollow. It slid back. Out rolled Sniffer.

Sniffer sputtered for a moment after Midnight had untied him and removed the gag, but he could-

n't tell what had really happened to him, nor identify the men.

"Well, they're loose in this house," Midnight reported, "but I don't know where. They were gunmen looking for me. Come on, let's see if we can find them."

Three shots rang through the house. They sounded hollow, and echoed a dozen times before fading out. There was a rush of footsteps above, then a loud crash. Someone had barged into a wall, or crashed through a panel. Midnight, with Sniffer trailing, leaped up a stairway.

Midnight halted. The pelting footsteps came from beyond the wall of the corridor he stood in. The house was honeycombed with halls and passages. Two more shots, sounding far below.

Midnight said, "The guide and those thugs seem to be shooting at each other. I think they're confused; the guide is one of them, but they don't know it."

Silence came for a moment. Then the thin wail of a siren filtered through the hundred walls. Midnight and Sniffer raced for the front of the house. They ran into a blank wall at the end of the hall.

"Now we're twisted," said Midnight. "Lost as sure as shootin'!"

The siren wailed again, closer. Midnight hurried toward the sound, taking another corridor. It ended in a closed door. He pushed against the panel. The door swung outward. Daylight rushed over him. He ducked back quickly, ripped off the face mask, and became Dave Clark again.

"Police out there," he said. "And three men. I think it's the gunmen and the guide. Come on."

They stepped into the glare of daylight. The police held guns on three cowering men, one of them Dave's recent guide. The patrol car was backing toward them.

Dave laughed. "This is the first time that lugs chasing me ever got themselves caught without my help. . . . How did you like the old mystery house, Sniff?"

"You can have my share of it," said Sniffer. "Let's go back to the city and get lost in some nice cool subways!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 of SMASH COMICS, published bi-monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1947.

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the SMASH COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Nancy Smith, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old

Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Smash Comics, 378 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn.

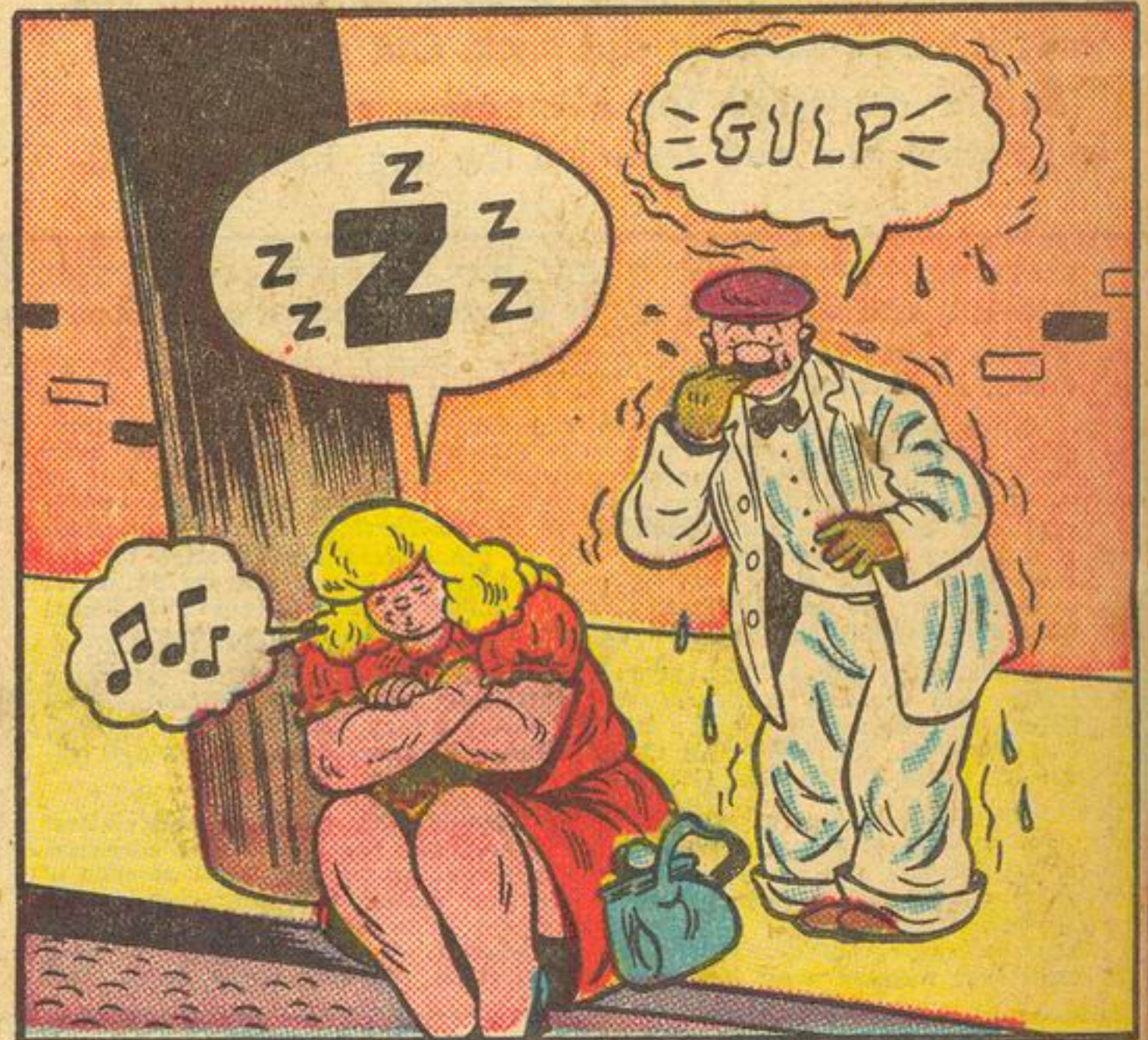
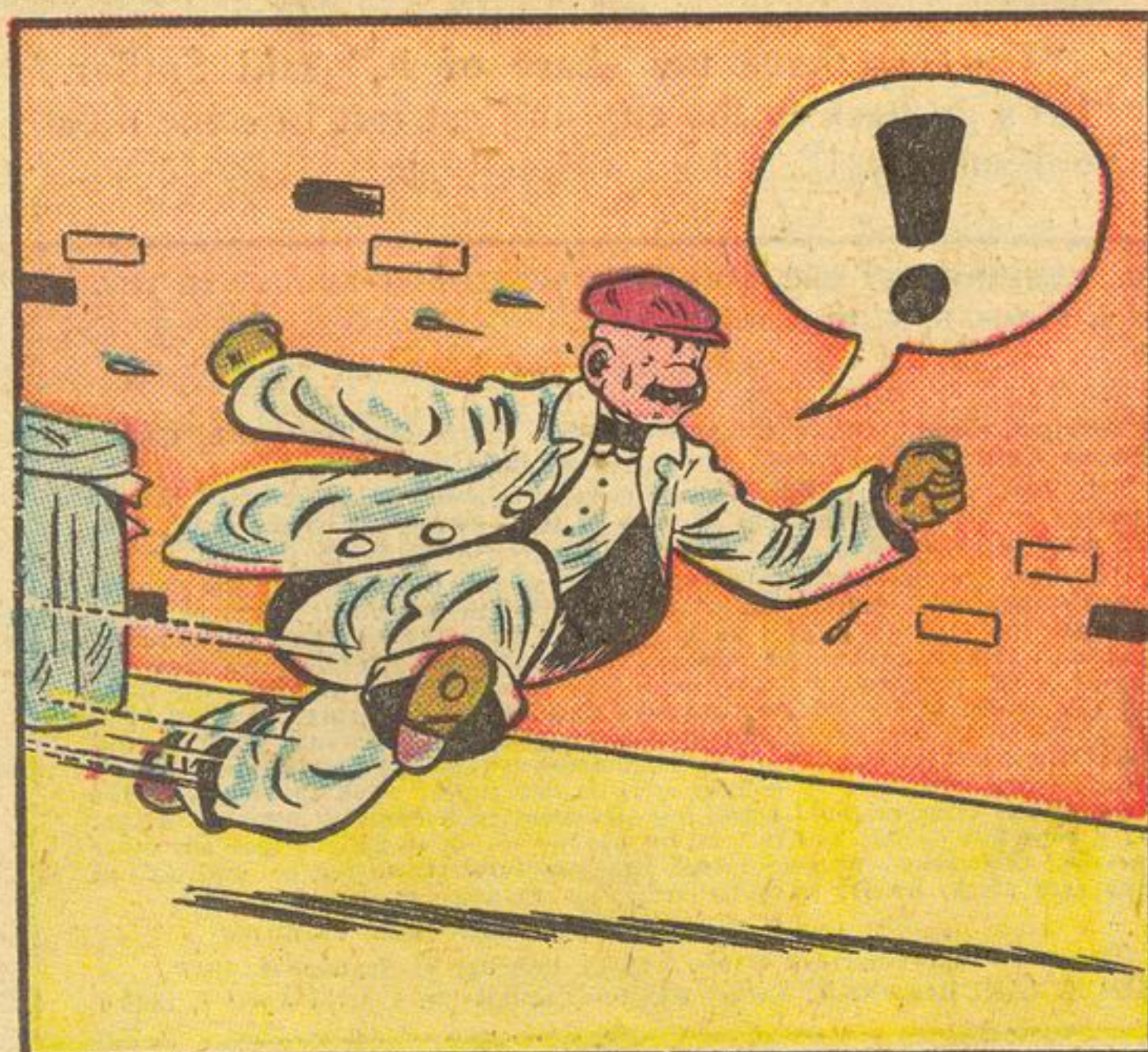
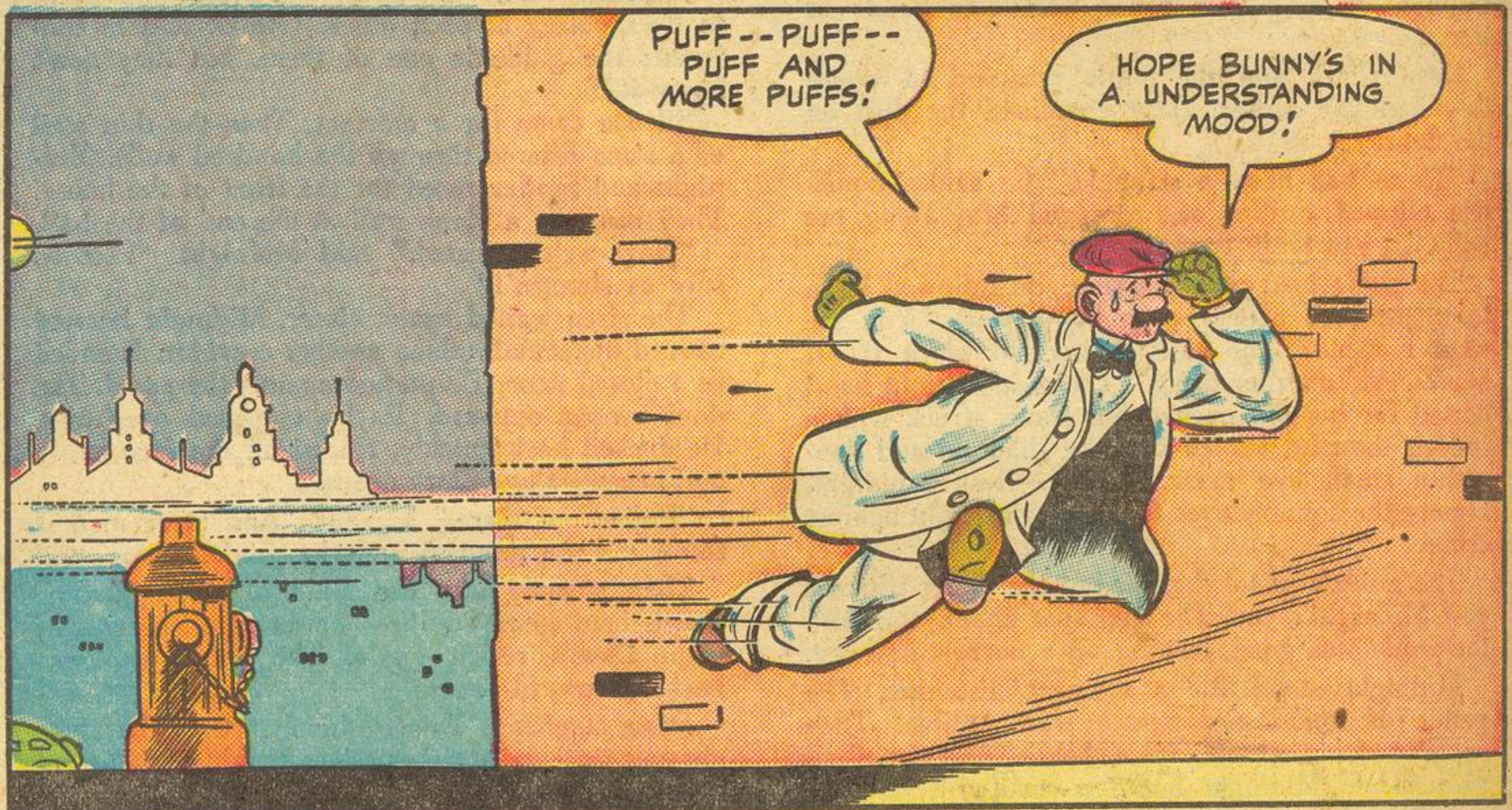
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

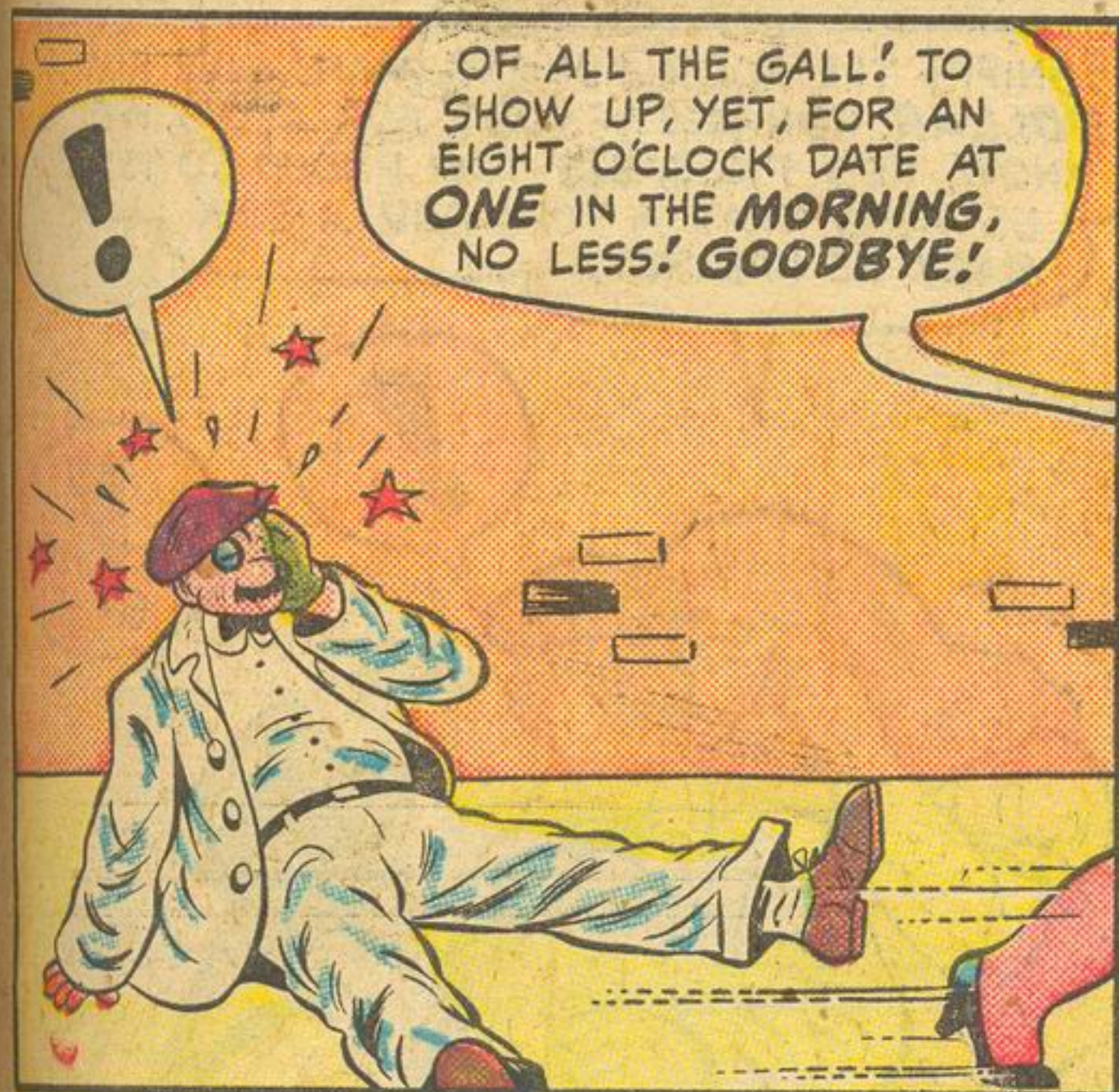
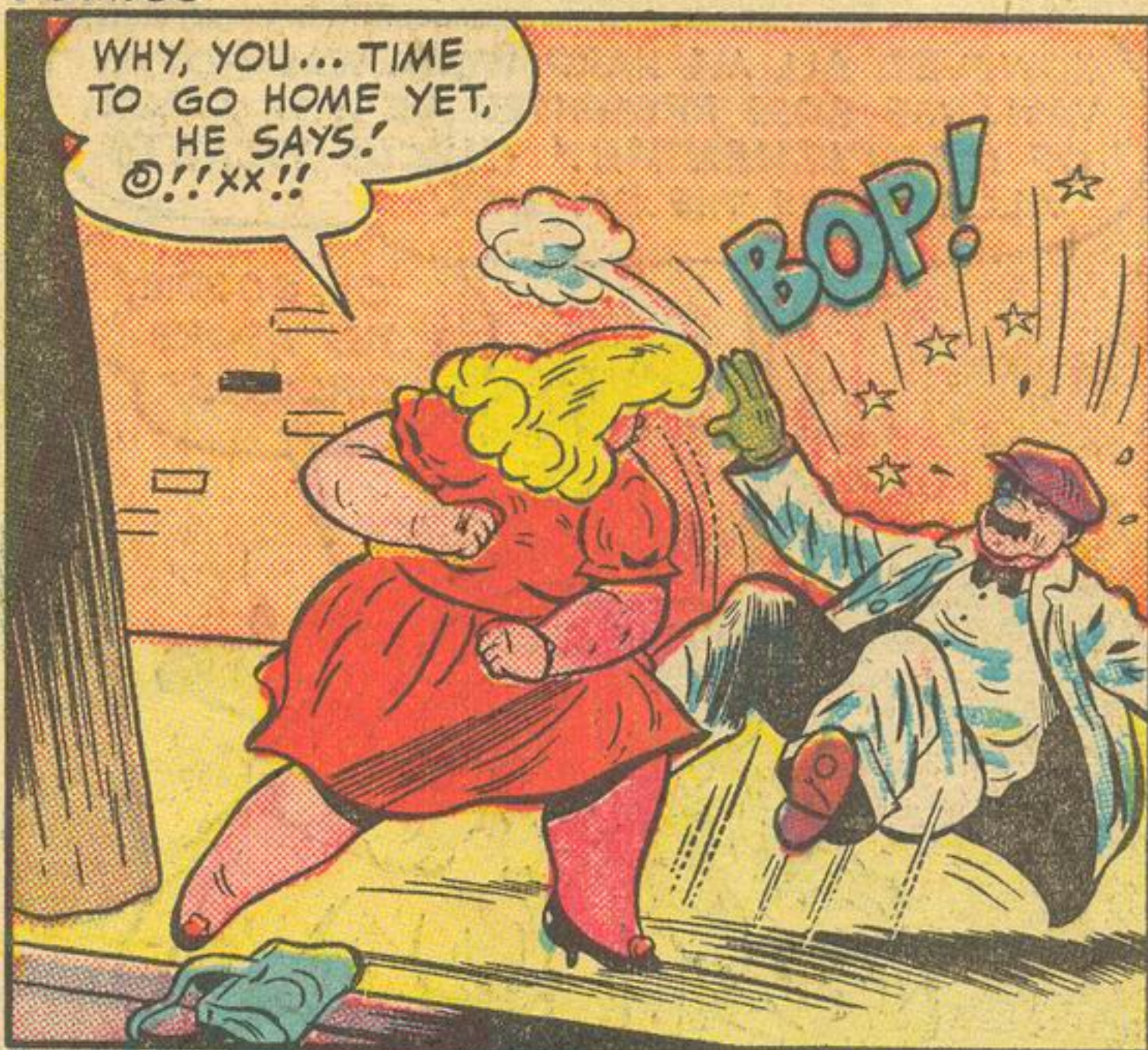
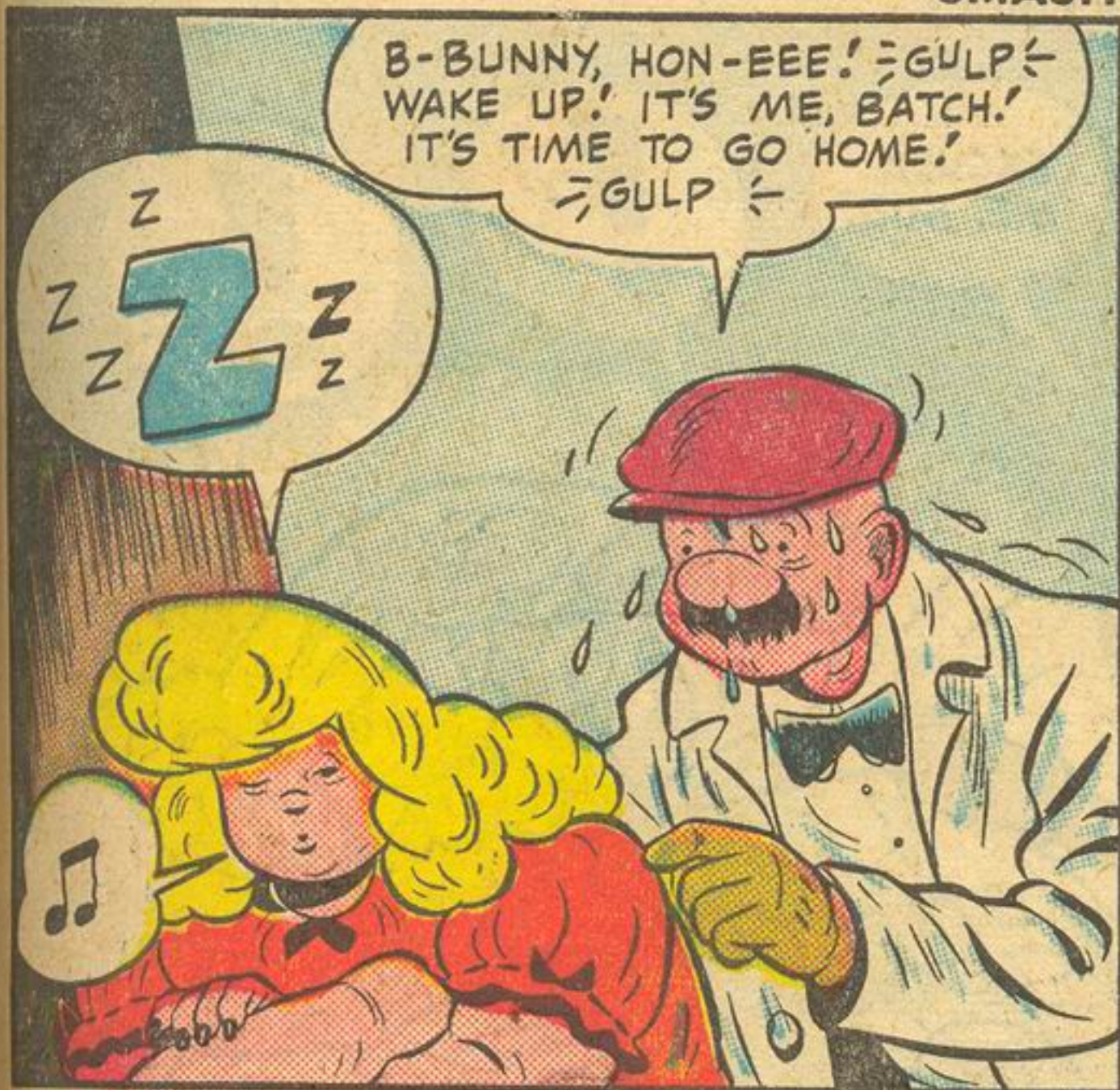
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1947
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949.)

BATCH BACHELOR



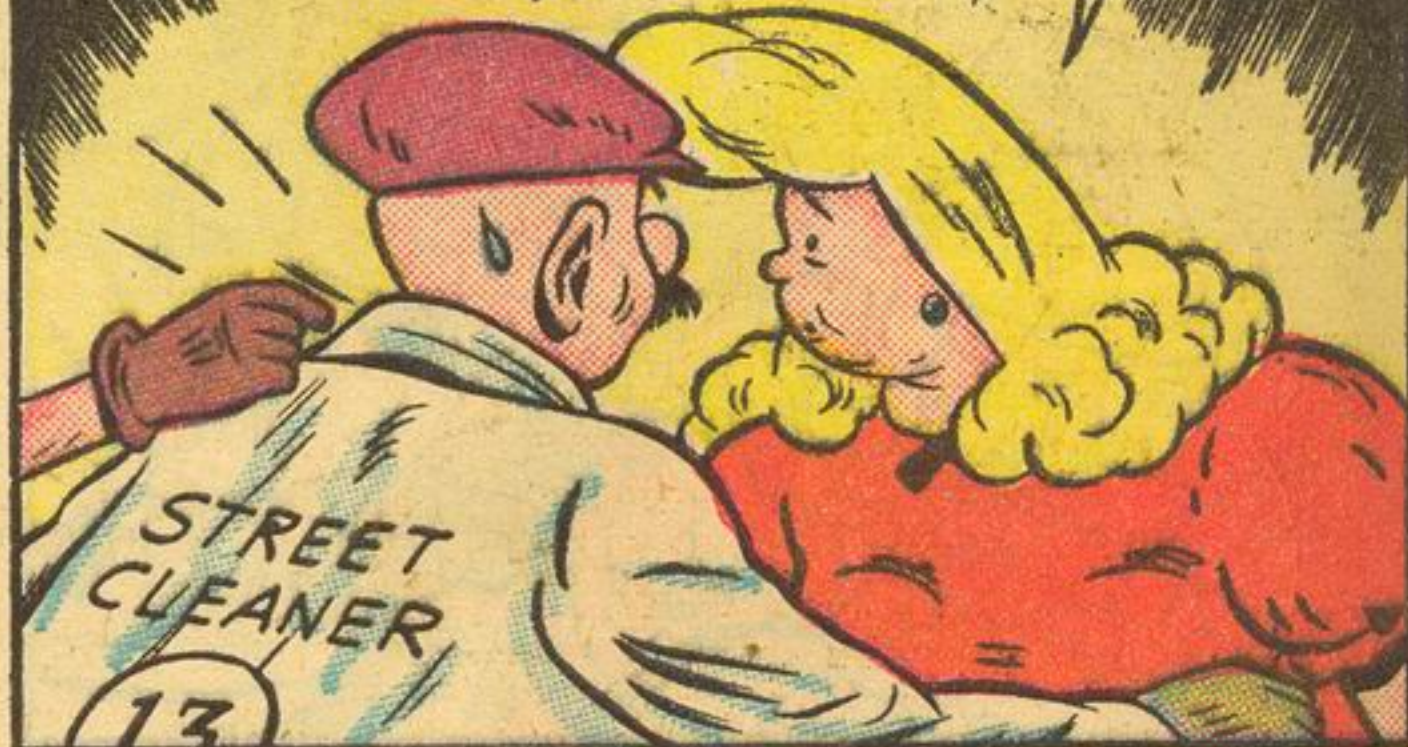


HOWEVER, ALL ME HARD WORK WAS NOT IN VAIN! ME BOSS PRESENTED ME WITH A PAIR OF **COMPLIMENTARY CIRCUS TICKETS** ALONG WITH THE DAY OFF!

OH, GOODIE! I JUS' ADORE CIRCUSES!



EXCUSE ME, BUB!



≡SNIFF≡ I'M UP AGAINST IT, BUB! I AIN'T HAD ANYTHING TO DRINK...ER...AH...NUTTIN' TO EAT ALL DAY! COULD YOUSE SPARE A DOLLAR FOR A CUP OF JAVA WITH SINKERS, OF COURSE? PLEASE, YET, HUH? ≡SOB≡



≡SNIFF≡ THE POOR HUNGRY MAN! GIVE HIM A **DOLLAR**, HON-NEE! ≡SOB≡ FOR ALLUS WE KNOW, HE'S PROBABLY TOO PROUD TO TELL US ALSO THAT A WIFE AND A SICK BABY HE HAS YET!



SORRY, OL' TIMER, BUT I LEFT ME WALLET HOME! HOWEVER, IF YOU NEED A **BUCK** THAT BAD...MEET ME HERE ABOUT TEN IN THE MORNING AND I'LL HAVE IT FOR YOU THEN! HOW'S THAT?



HOW DO I KNOW YOUSE'LL BE HERE? FOR ALLUS I KNOW, YOUSE MIGHT GET HIT BY A TRUCK IN THE MEANTIME...OR BETTER YET, SUFFER A FATAL THROMBOSIS OF THE ARTERIES THAT WOULD LEAVE ME WITH THE WIFE AND SICK BABY IN A FINE PICKLE, WITHOUT VICTUALS FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES!



GEE! I NEVER LOOKED AT IT THAT WAY! SUPPOSIN' I LEAVE THESE CIRCUS TICKETS WITH YOU FOR SECURITY, JUST IN CASE? IF WORSE COMES TO WORSE... YOUSE COULD SELL THEM FOR CASH!

THASSA GOOD IDEAR, HON-NEE!



T'ANKS, OL' TIMER! BY THE WAY... WITHOUT IMPOSING UPON YER GOOD NATURE... WOULD YOUSE MIND MAKIN' OUR BUSINESS APPOINTMENT FOR ELEVEN INSTEAD O' TEN? YOU SEE, I'LL BE TIED UP WITH THE KID'S LAUNDRY FOR A FEW HOURS! THE OL' LADY AIN'T UP TO THAT AN' WORKIN' IN THE STEEL MILL, TOO!

JUST AS YOU SAY, OL' MAN! ANYTHING TO EASE LIFE'S BURDEN!

SOB

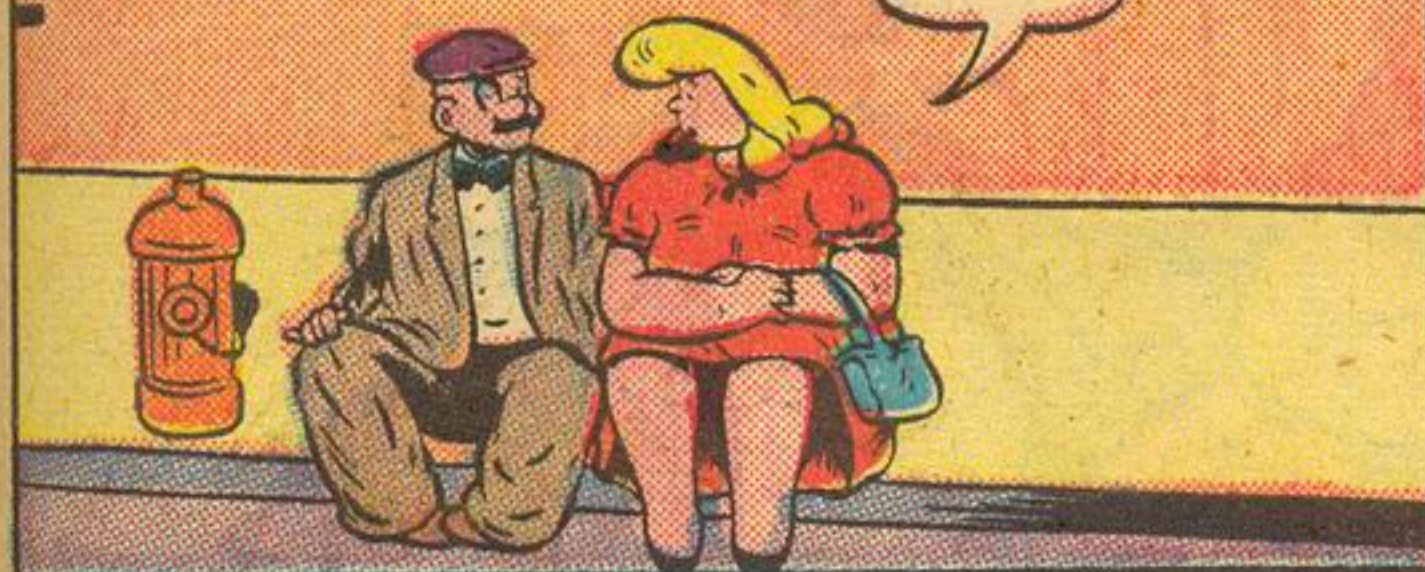
SOB



NEXT MORNING, LONG PAST ELEVEN...

YUH KNOW... IF THAT GUY DON'T SHOW UP SOON WITH OUR TICKETS, WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE STARTING PERFORMANCE!

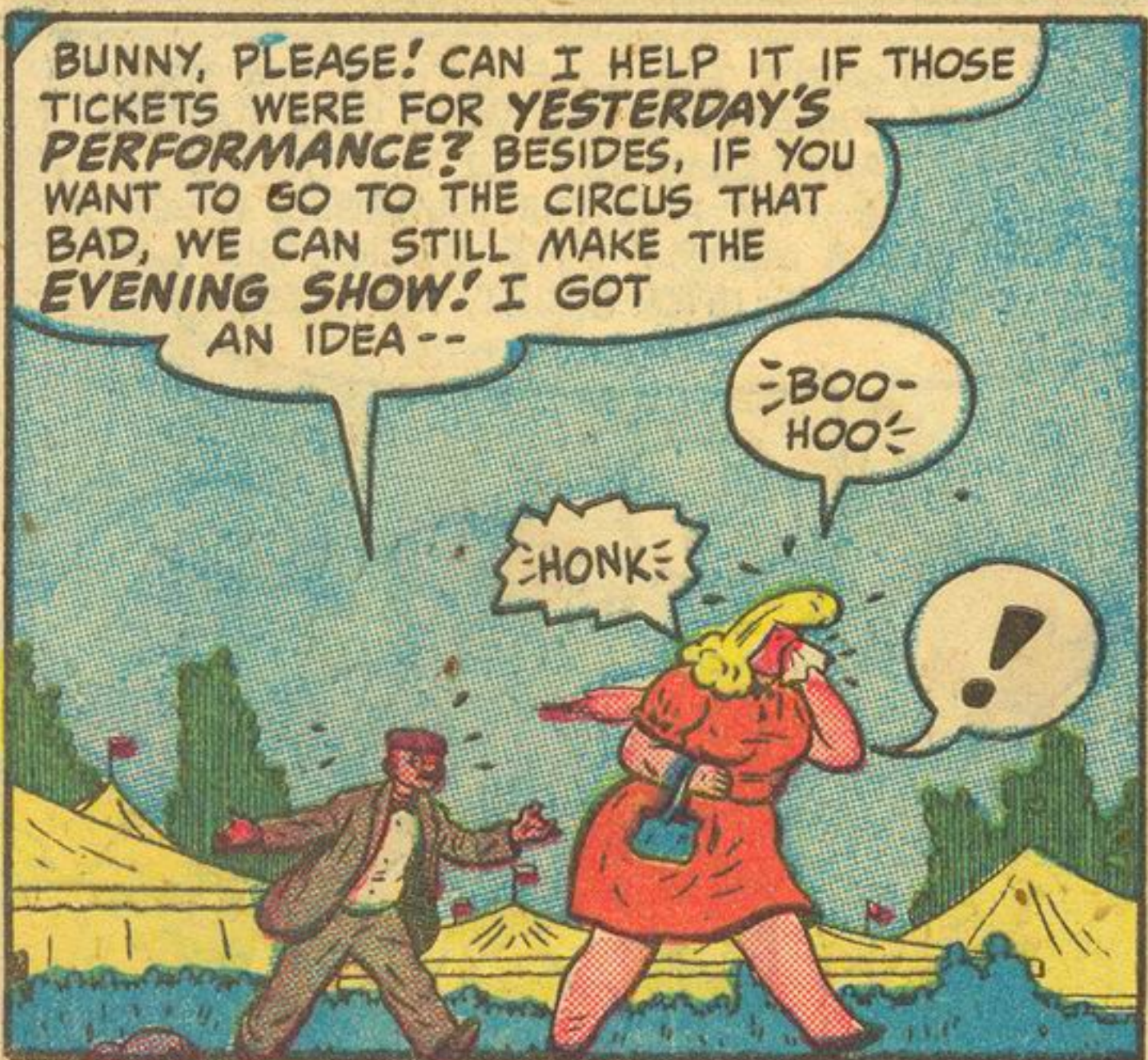
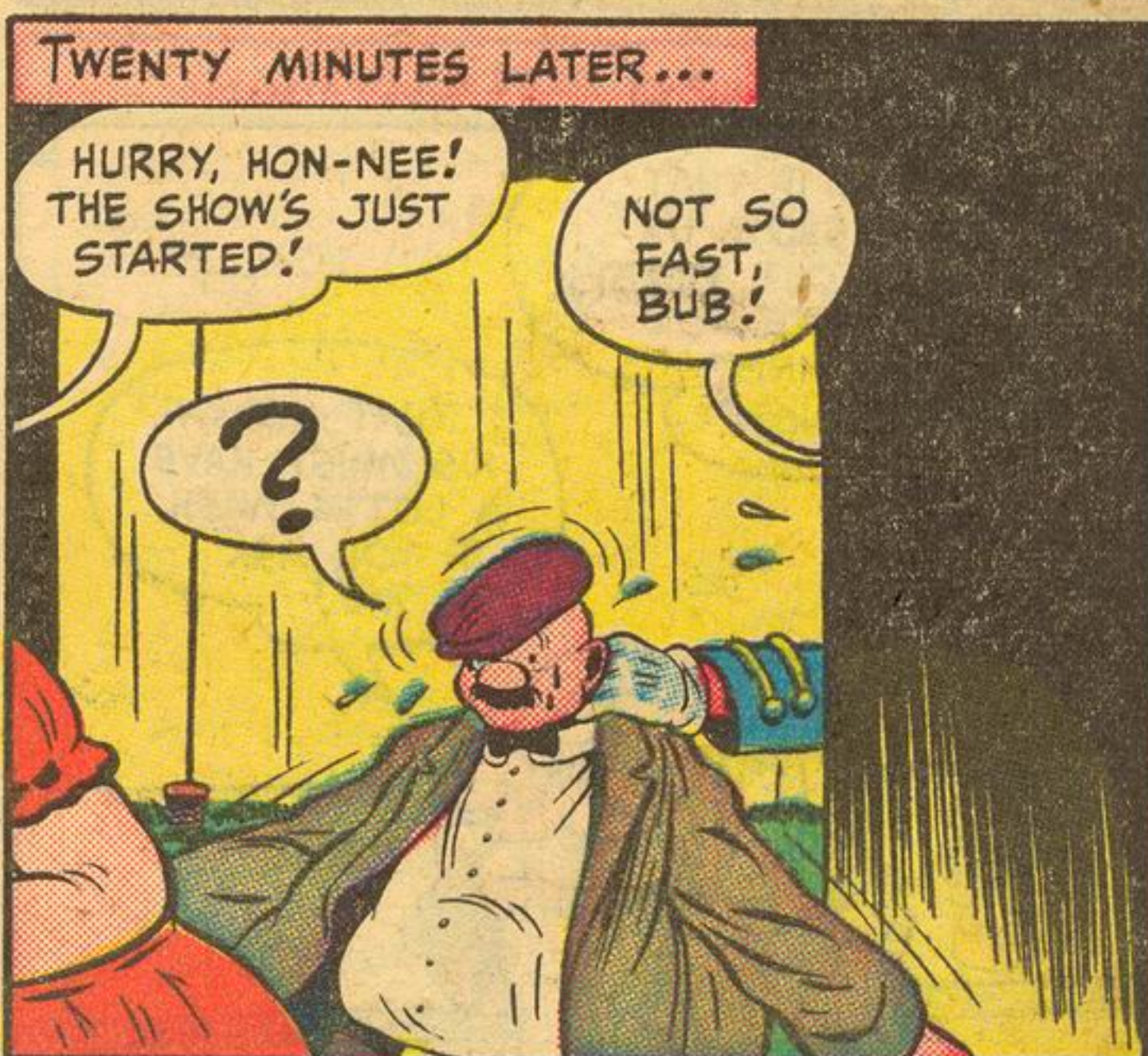
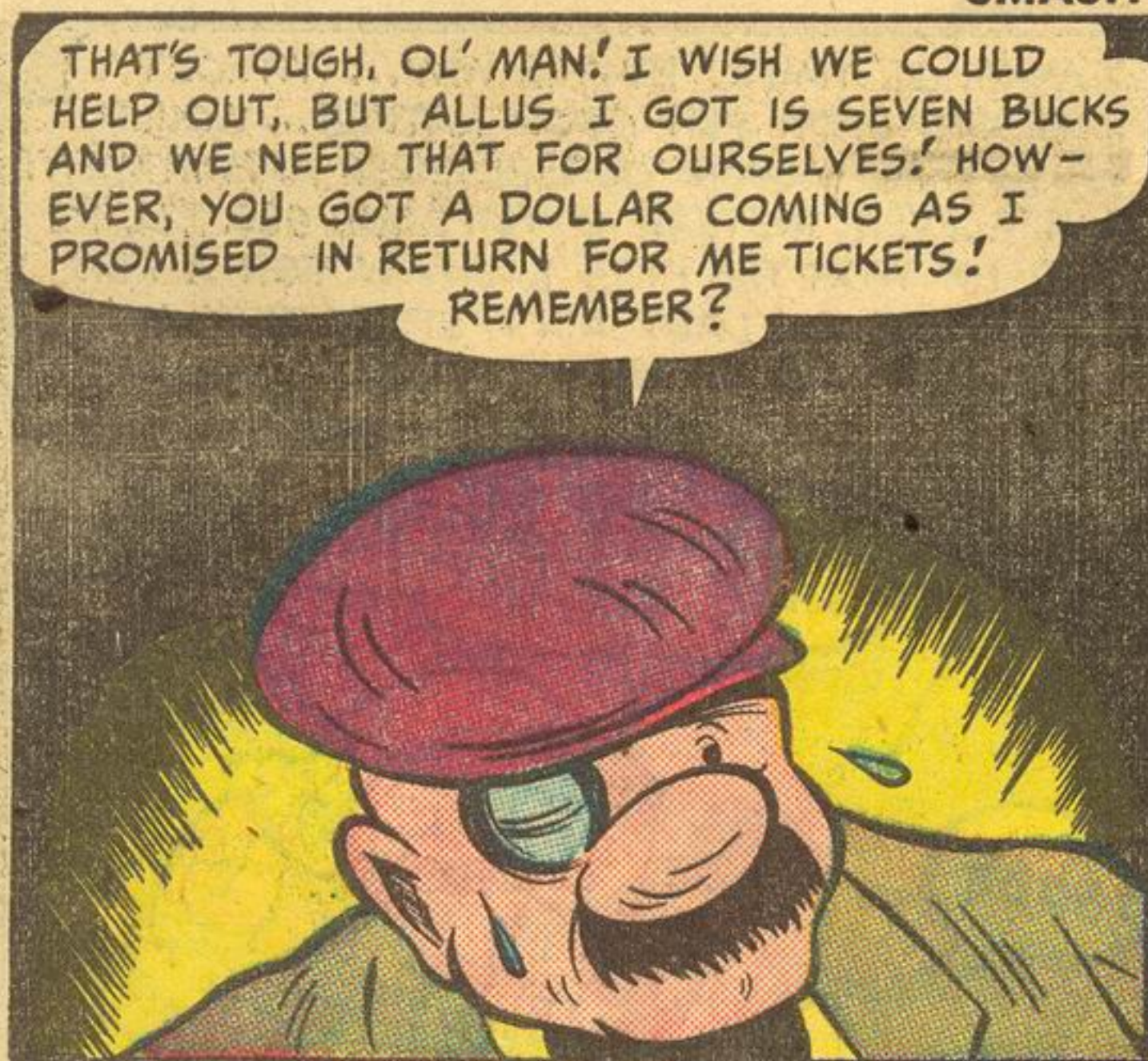
THAT KID OF HIS MUST HAVE A LOTTA WASH, IF YOU ASK ME!



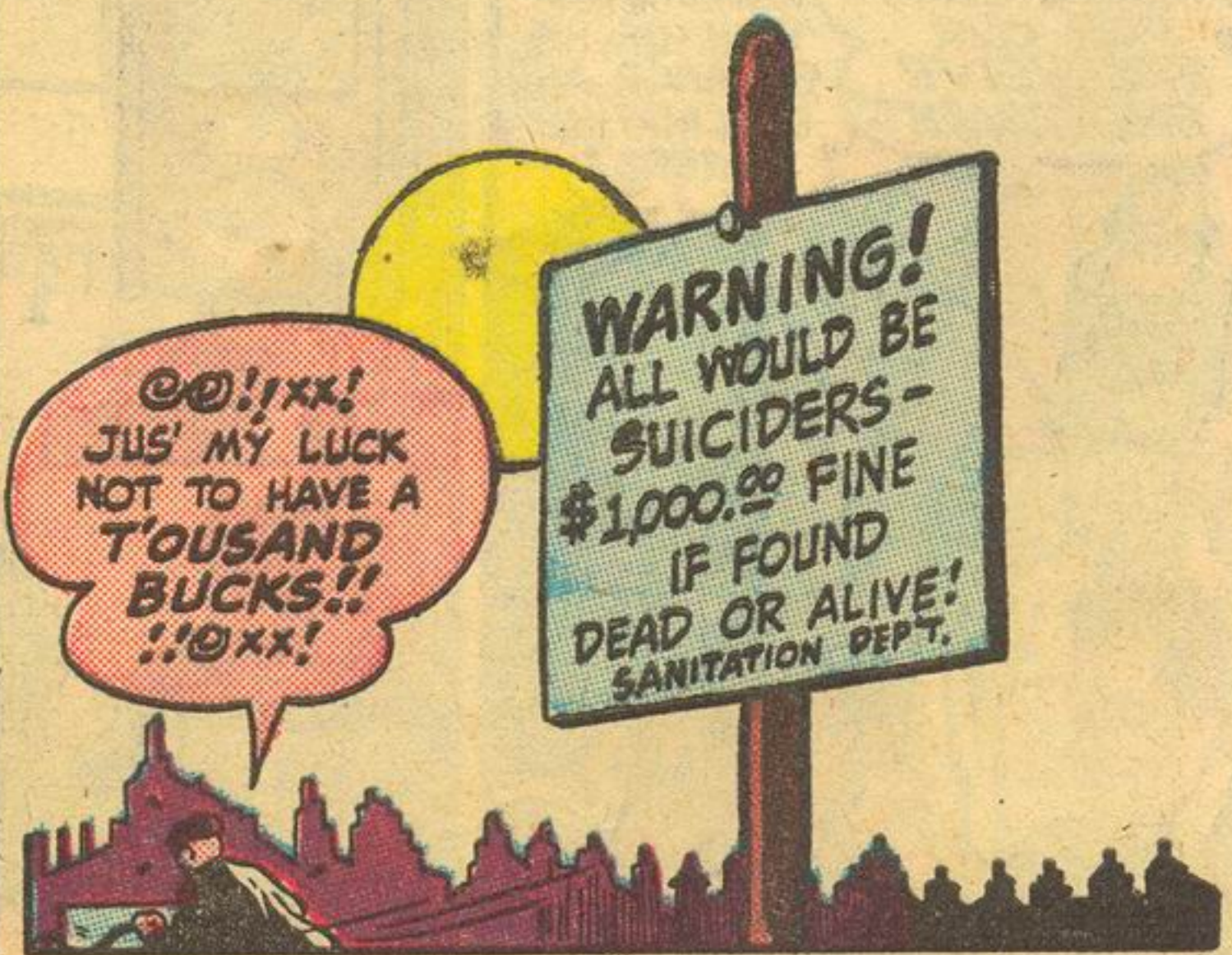
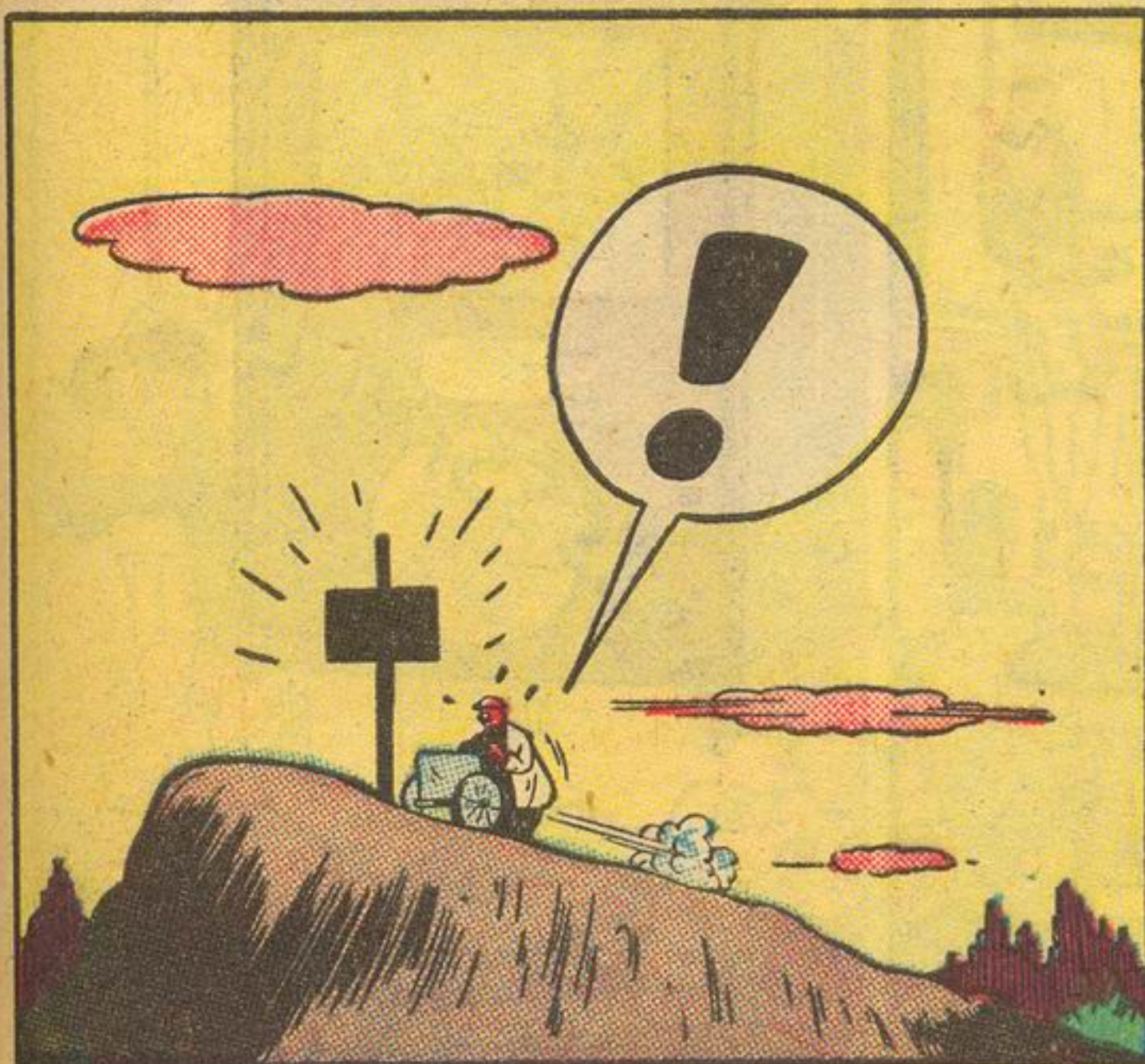
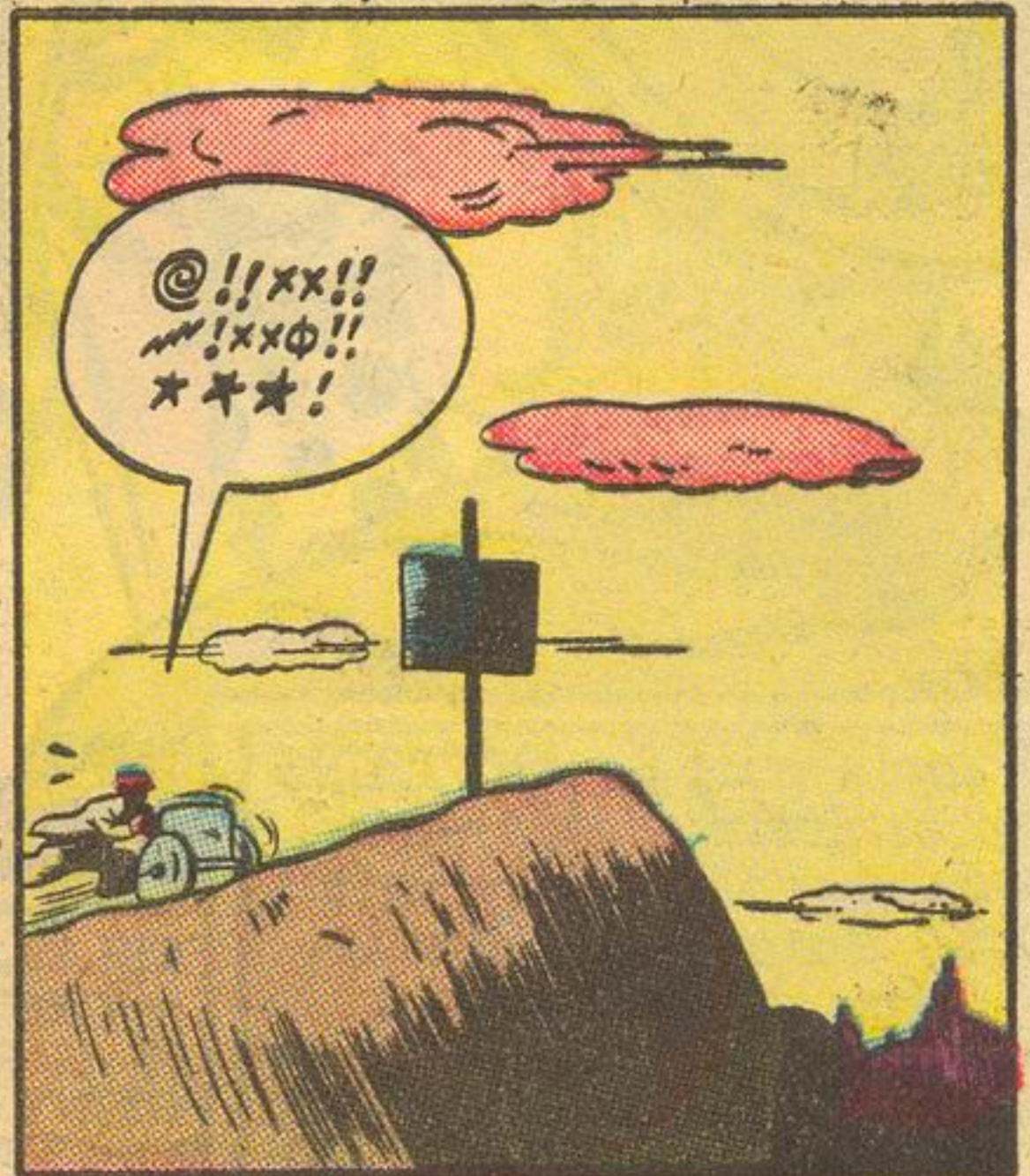
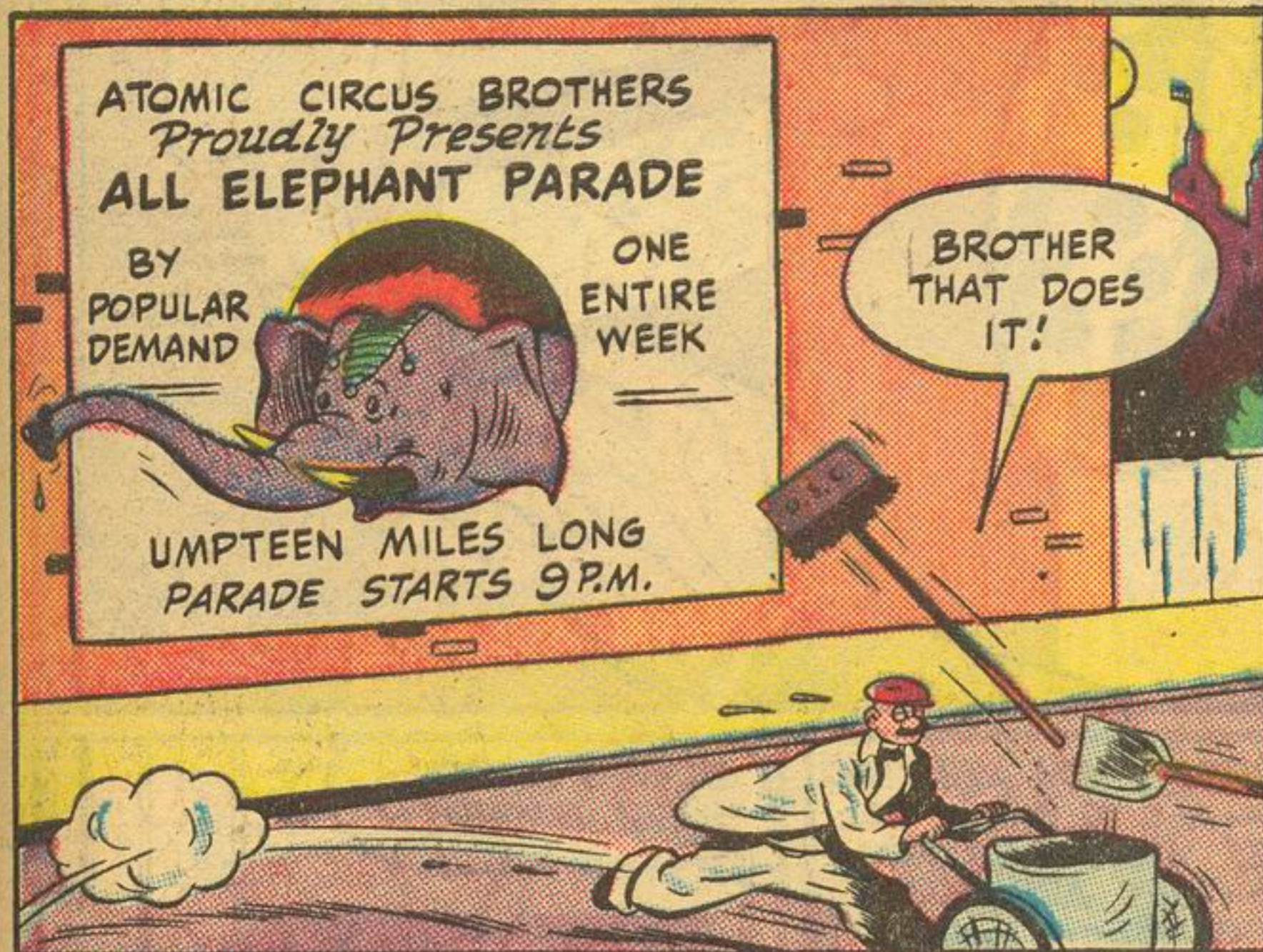
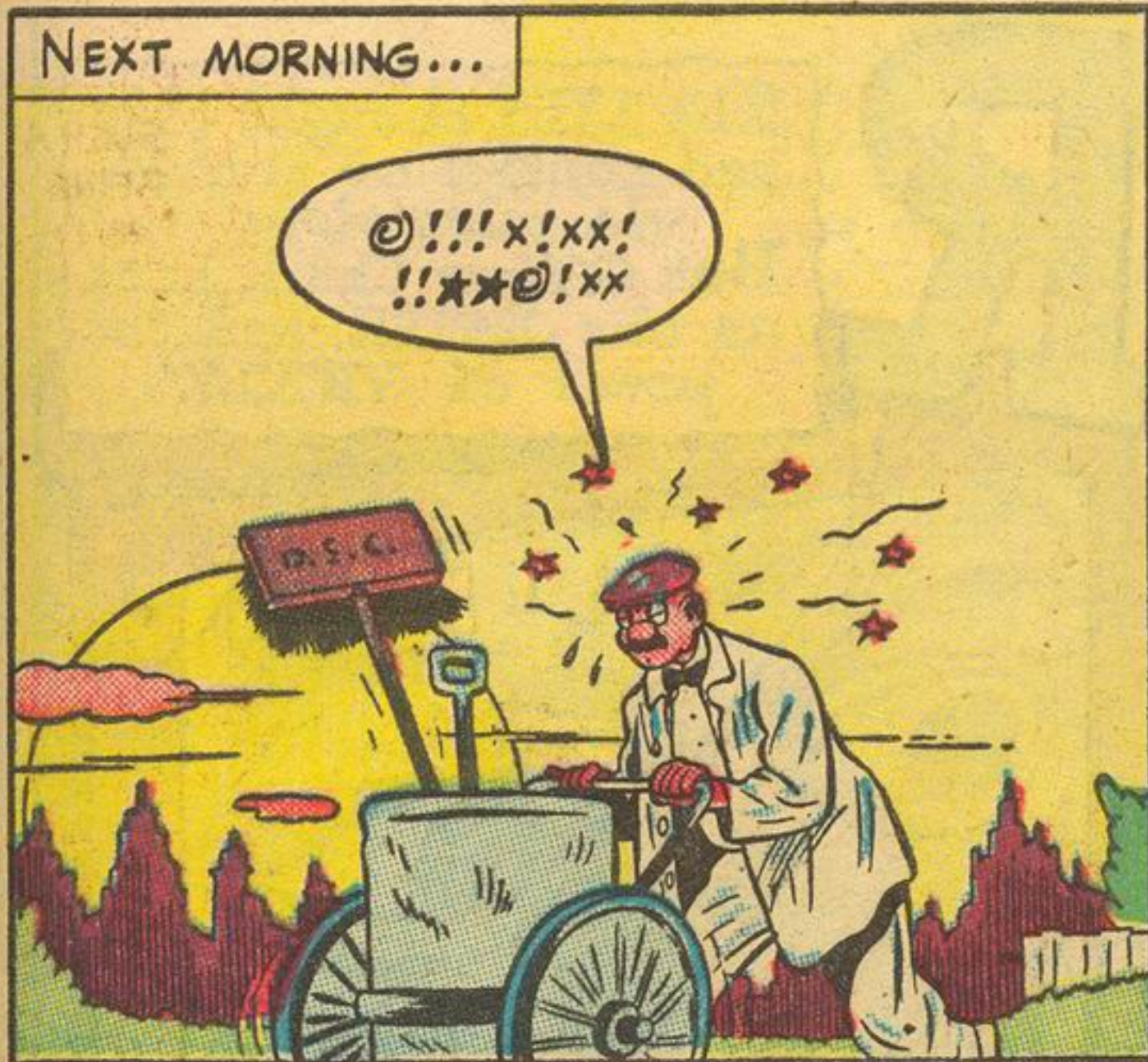
S-SORRY, FOLKS! HADDA SLIGHT AXCEEDENT! IN MY HURRY TO GET HERE ON TIME... I RAN INTO A MOVING VAN TRUCK! A HEAD-ON COLLISION, NO LESS!

BUT THAT AIN'T THE HALF OF IT! THE VAN COMPANY THREATENS US WITH SUIT ACTION FOR SUSTAININ DAMAGES TO THE TRUCK! UNLESS WE PAY FOR THE DAMAGES, WHICH COMES TO A MEASLY FIVE BUCKS, THEY WILL DRAG US INTO COURT, NO LESS!



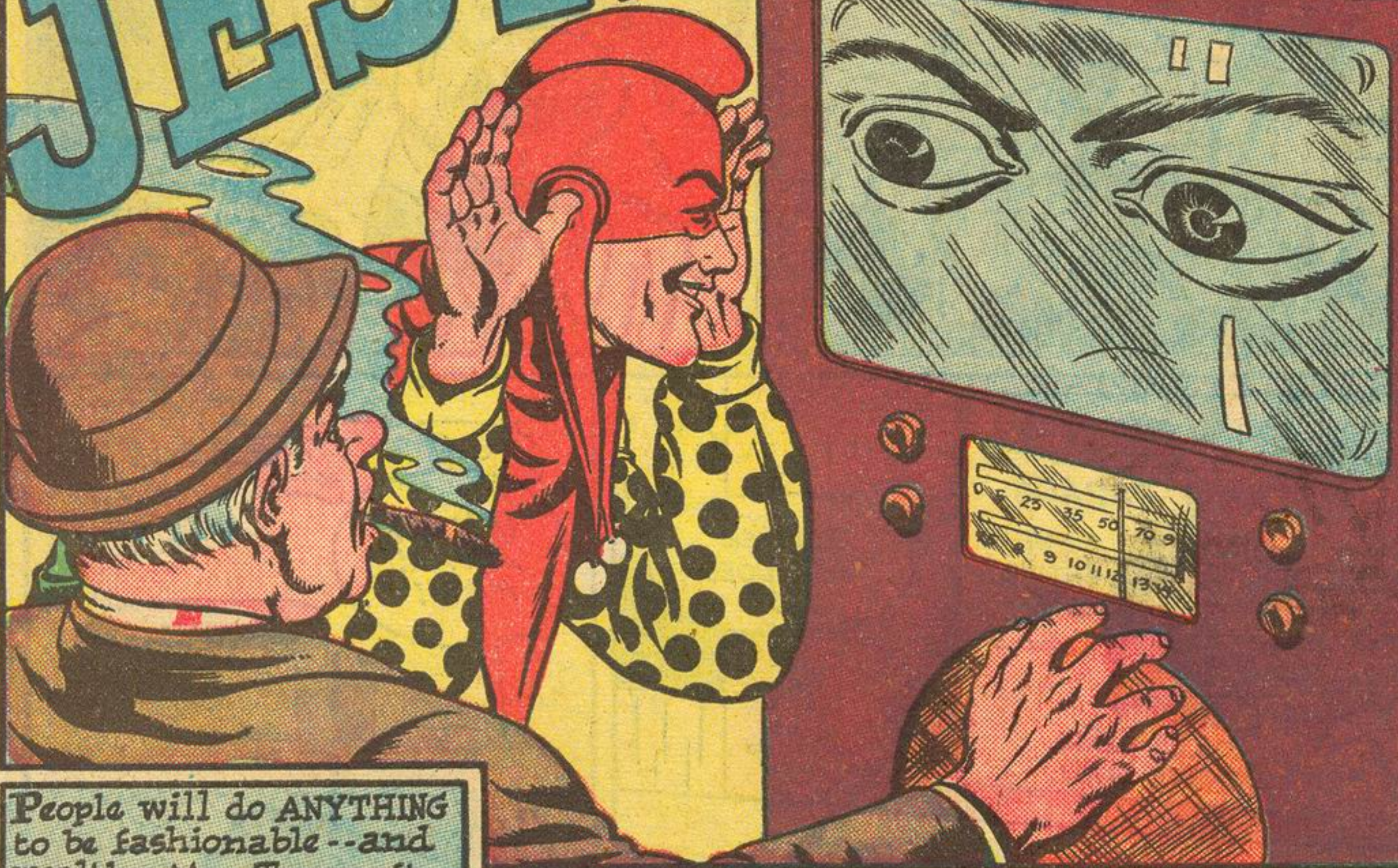


NEXT MORNING...



The JESTER

The EYES thought they had control of things-- via television! But Officer Chuck Lane, as the JESTER, had the power of VETO!!!



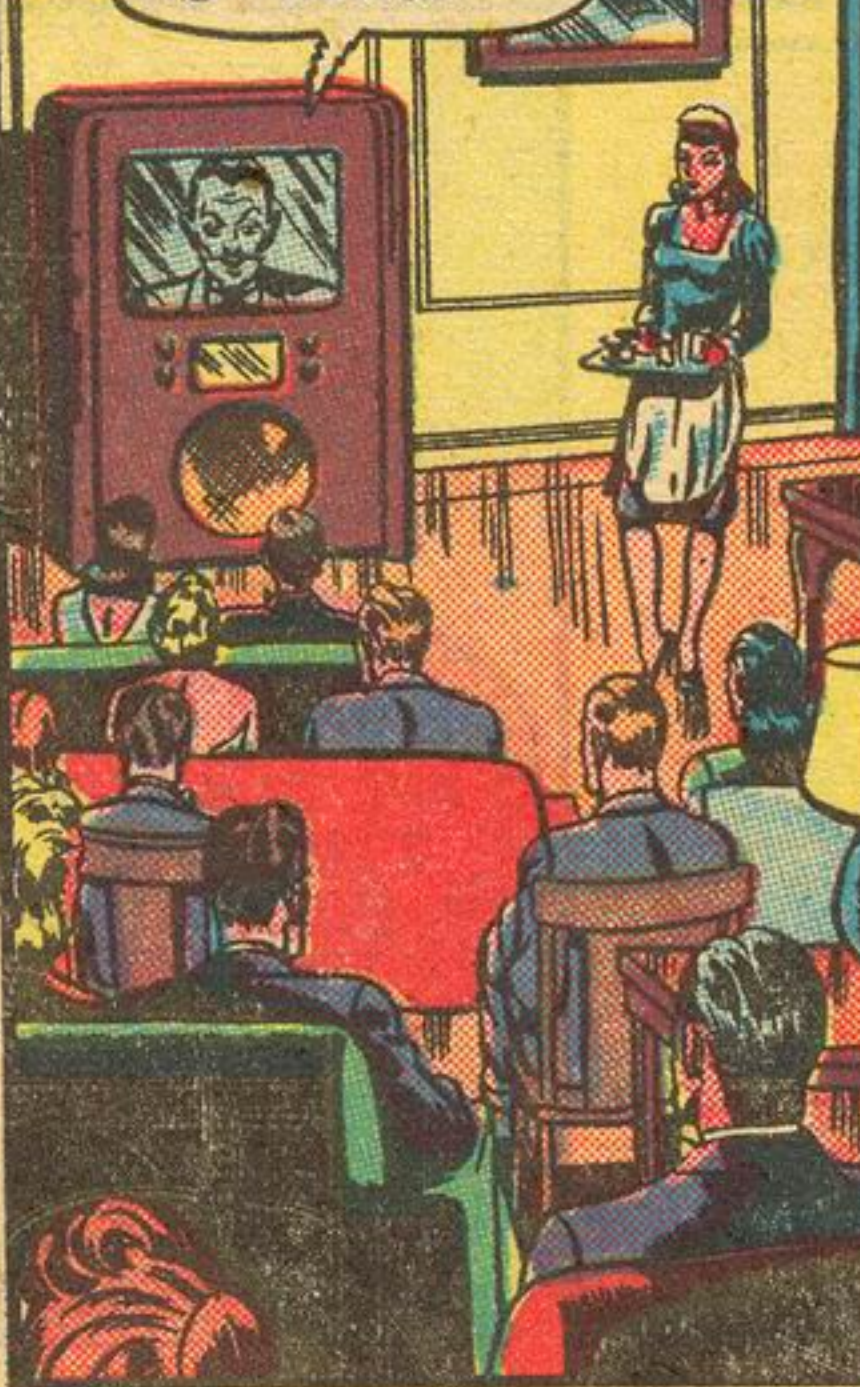
People will do ANYTHING to be fashionable--and wealthy Mrs. Traycraft has something special for her guests...

SOMETHING NEW! THIS TELEVISION BROADCAST IS FROM A PRIVATE STATION ON A SPECIAL BEAM-- FOR OUR EXCLUSIVE ENJOYMENT!

INTRODUCING **HYPNO**, THE MASTER HYPNOTIST IN A DEMONSTRATION OF HIS STRANGE AND FASCINATING POWERS!



RELAX! REST! YOU ARE TIRED --TIRED-- ALL IS QUIET, ALL IS SAFE! YOUR EYES ARE HEAVY---THEY ARE GOING TO CLOSE---



SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP SOUNDLY!



SMASH COMICS



Under cover of the night, Chuck Lane becomes the laughing, larruping foe of felony, the **JESTER!**

HMMM-- LET'S SEE! PERHAPS WE'D BETTER RE-ENACT THE CRIME!

I'M SORRY, DETECTIVE MCGINTY, BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU SEE, WE WERE ALL ASLEEP!

AND LISTENING TO A TELEVISION PROGRAM? I DON'T GET IT!

MOVE ASIDE AND LET ME HAVE A TRY AT IT, MCGINTY!

LOOK! THE TELEVISION'S BACK ON!

AMAZING, FOLKS! HYPO'S ACT PUT THE WHOLE STUDIO STAFF TO SLEEP-- WE JUST WOKE UP AND HE SEEMS TO HAVE GONE!

I'VE HEARD OF SOMETHING LIKE THIS-- IN ENGLAND! A HYPNOTISM PROGRAM ON TELEVISION WAS SO SUCCESSFUL THEY TOOK IT OFF THE AIR! EVERYONE WENT TO SLEEP---

EVERYONE BUT THAT MAID TILLY! I CAN GET MORE JEWELRY, BUT WHERE CAN I GET ANOTHER SERVANT?

NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED-- IT'S A CINCINCH TO CRACK THIS CASE! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND HYPO, THE MAID, AND THE LOOT!

FOR MCGINTY, THAT SHOULD BE LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL! SO LONG, FOLKS!

ONE THING STICKS IN MY MIND! THAT GAL WHO HAD A LIMOUSINE WAITING FOR HER MUST HAVE BEEN TILLY! SHE SURELY KNEW ABOUT THE PROGRAM, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN, AND HOW SHE COULD PROFIT BY HYPO'S HYPNOTISM!

IN OTHER WORDS, IT WAS PLANNED AND PREMEDITATED FROM THE FIRST! TILLY AND HYPO MUST HAVE BEEN IN CAHOOTS!



AND WITH A HAUL LIKE THAT THEY WOULDN'T WANT TO TRAVEL FAR FOR FEAR OF HI-JACKERS! THEY'LL BE HIDING NEAR BY -- OH-OH!



YES, THE VERY LIMOUSINE! AND THAT SILHOUETTE IN THE WINDOW-- IT'S TILLY!



Inside...

THE WHOLE TOWN WILL BE LOOKING FOR A BRUNETTE GEM-THIEF --- SO I'M A BLONDE AGAIN!

RIGHT, TILLY! AND I SHED THIS CONVENIENT BEARD AND MOUSTACHE -- I'M NOT SO FASCINATING WITHOUT THEM, BUT MUCH LESS NOTICEABLE!



AND WE CAN DIVIDE THIS FORTUNE IN SPARKLERS! SIXTY PERCENT TO ME AS BOSS OF THE JOB -- FORTY PERCENT FOR YOU, MY DEAR!

HOW DO I GET ON THE SHORT END? I HAD THE DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT! WITHOUT ME, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN ANY OF THAT STUFF!



WHY, YOU UNGRATEFUL LITTLE STOOGES! IT WAS MY HYPNOTIC POWER THAT MADE THE THING POSSIBLE! SIXTY-FORTY, I SAY!

LET A THIRD PARTY DECIDE! I SAY NOTHING TO EITHER OF YOU, AND A LONG JAIL TERM TO GIVE YOU TIME TO THINK IT OVER!



I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING, HEARD EVERYTHING, AND I'LL PROVE EVERYTHING!

I'LL TURN MY POWER ON THIS INTERLOPER! LOOK AT ME, YOU CLOWN! YOU WILL SLEEP -- SLEEP --

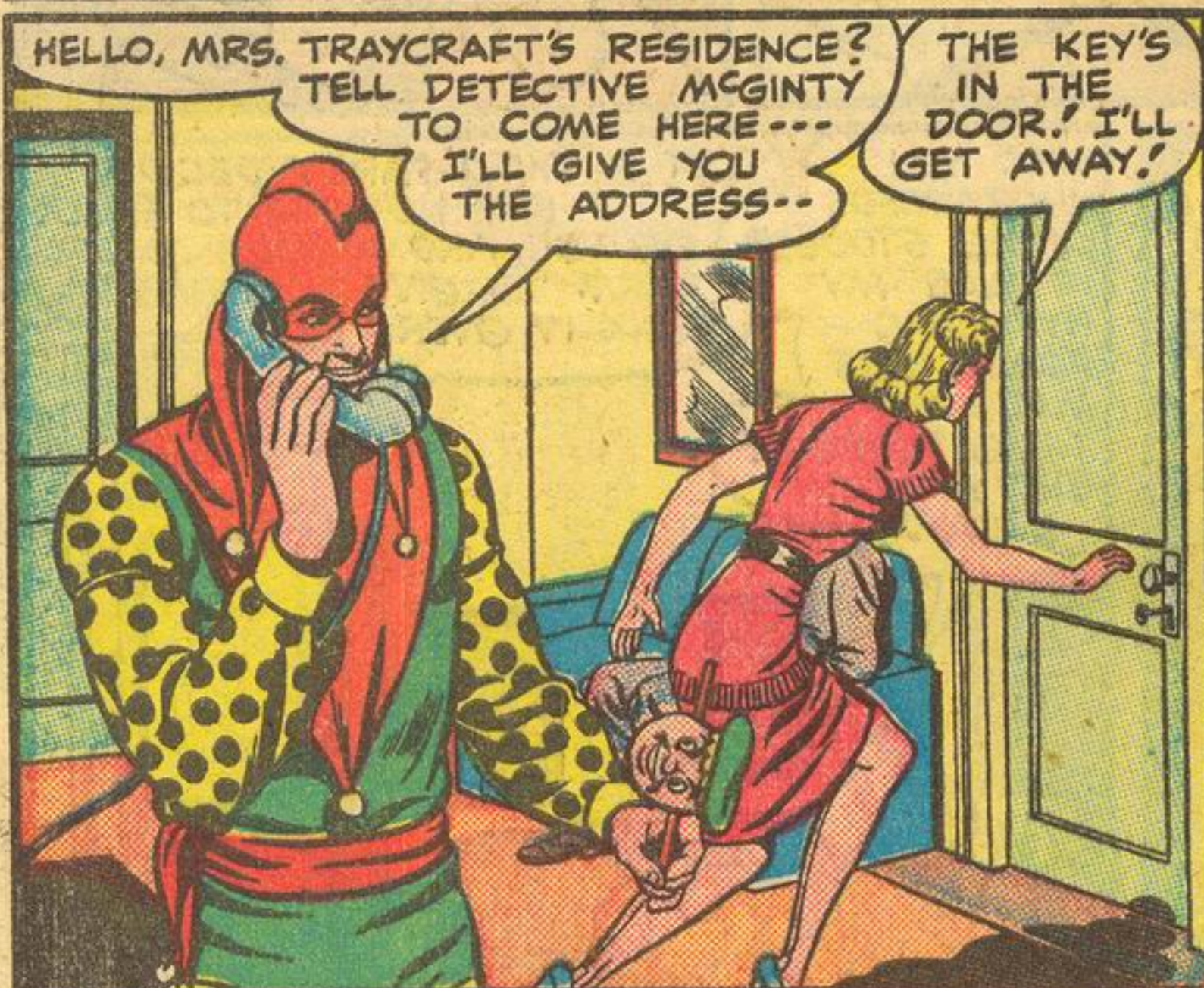


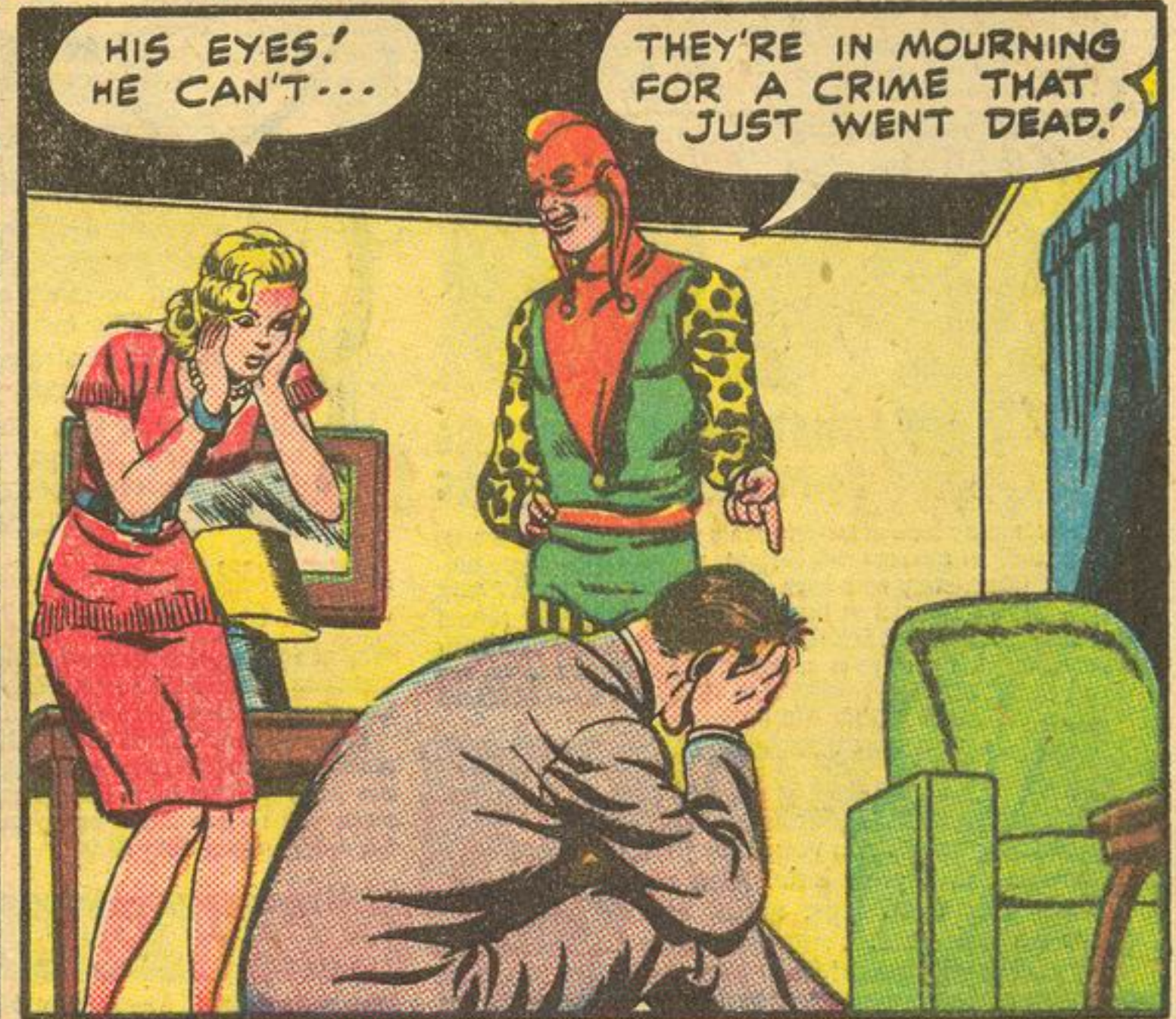
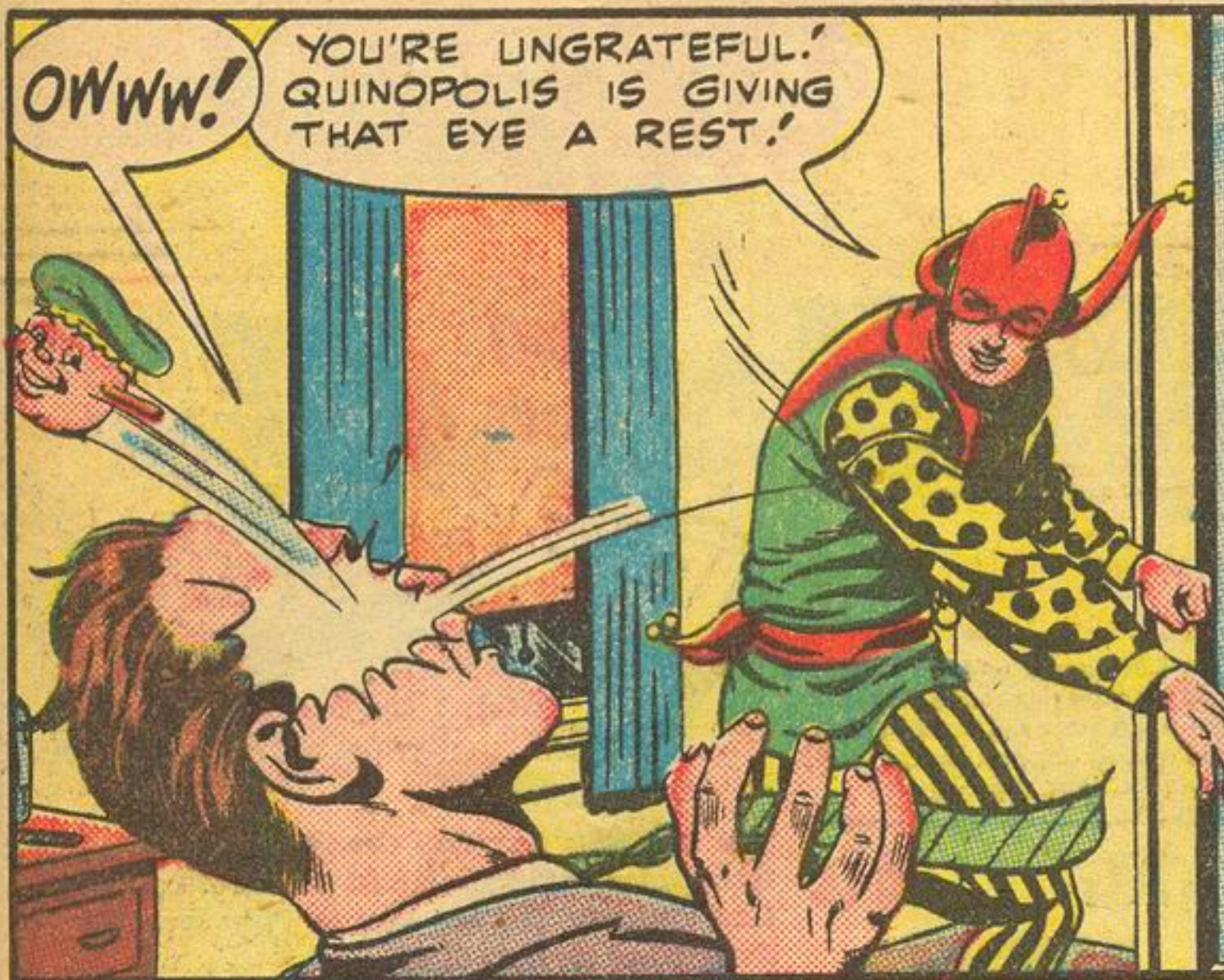
SLEEP -- CLOSE YOUR EYES --

SHOW ME WHAT YOU MEAN, HYPO!



SMASH COMICS





HAVE FUN! GET LAUGHS.. AMAZE FRIENDS



So-Called ELECTRIC JOY BUZZER

Tickles and seems to shock them. The Joy Buzzer can be concealed in the palm of your hand after slipping a ring over one of your fingers. When you shake hands with anyone they touch off a mechanism that causes it to tickle, which to some seems like a shocking sensation. Only 69c. Order by No. 669.

POCKET ADDING MACHINE

Amazing New Midget ADDING MACHINE FITS VEST POCKET

Adds, Divides, Subtracts, Multiplies—So Simple, So Easy to Use! Does work of higher priced adding machines. Durable hand-some leatherette case. Send for MIDGET ADDING MACHINE. On arrival, pay postman only \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Test 10 days, and if you don't say it's the greatest bargain ever, return for MONEY BACK. See address below.



NOW ONLY \$2.89

GUARANTEED GENUINE 2½-POWER BINOCULARS

Have a close-up view of far-off events with these sensationally low-priced, all purpose, lite-weight, heavy duty, plastic binoculars. (Neck-strap with each pair.) TEST 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK and be amazed at their power and beauty or refund guaranteed. SEND NO MONEY—pay postman \$2.89 plus 20% Federal tax and postage or enclose \$2.89 plus tax and we pay postage. DON'T WAIT—SUPPLY IS LIMITED—DEMAND IS GREAT. RUSH YOUR ORDER

COMB-A-TRIM

Something new! Trim your hair just like you comb your hair! Also removes hair from legs, arms, etc. Save on hair-cuts. Trim your own hair and family's too! Only 89c. Order by No. 534.



NOW BROADCAST IN YOUR HOME WITH THIS AMAZING RADIO "MIKE"

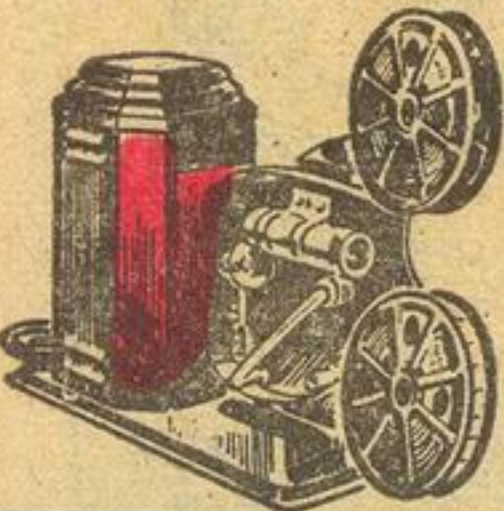


Sensational new invention attaches to your radio. Speak into Mike and your own voice comes through the speaker, as if you were broadcasting! Astound your friends as your voice comes over the 'air'. No one can tell the difference unless you give the joke away! Amazing "MIKE" looks just like a real microphone. Get one today! Just \$1.49. Order by number. No. 641.

16mm MOVIE PROJECTOR

Hand Operated

Show your own movies at home. Easy to use.



Safe. 100-foot film capacity. Uses regular home type electric light bulb. Wide choice film available. Use order coupon. Only \$7.95. No. 808.

LIARS MEDALS BARRELS OF FUN

Man, hang this medal on your friends! Be president of your local Liars Club! When stories get "too tall," you'll convulse everybody with laughter when you pin on the medal. Only 25c. Order by No. 142.



SQUIRT RING

Sure fire joke to play on your friends! Mention your new ring and as they look closely—squirt stream of water in their face! So real, so innocent looking they never suspect. Only 69c. No. 609.



AMAZING NEW "TOGETHER" LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP RING

A beautiful emblem of love, friendship and good wishes. This ring is sterling silver; which becomes more attractive as it is worn. The hands actually clasp and unclasp as illustrated.

Send no money now, just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately. You pay postman only \$2.49 plus a few cents postage, and tax on arrival. SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK.

LEARN to DANCE

Why be a lonely, unpopular wallflower when you can learn all the smart dances from the most modern to old favorites at home in private without teacher, music or partner. So easy even a child can learn quickly. This book should teach you in five days—or no cost. See order coupon. Only \$1.00.



DRIBBLE GLASS

Make your drinking friends drool! Looks just like ordinary glass until tipped, water dribbles through slits in side! No one can detect it! Roaring laughs every time! No. 582, just 49c.



This amazing new gun looks and makes a noise like a real machine gun. 25 in. long. Completely SAFE. An outstanding buy that will make every real boy happy. Only \$3.98. No. 980.



AMAZING Beautiful HORSE-RING SHOE

Man! This handsome ring, hand made, hand engraving, inlaid with simulated pearl, is a knockout! Monel metal is guaranteed for twenty years. Supply is limited. Rush your order. send no money. Price only \$2.98 plus Excise tax and postage. Order by No. 200.



You Can Now Get This Brand New Golden-Tone Harmonica PLUS Simplified Course of Instruction that Quickly Teaches You to Play Song Hits of Every Kind for only \$1.49.

If you can hum a tune you can learn to play. Not a toy, but a real musical instrument. Order No. 624.

Amazing MAGIC PENCIL

Get the right answer every time! Mistakes are impossible with this handy new invention! Divides up to 144, multiplies any primary number in a flash. Fits conveniently on pencil. Send no money—on arrival pay postman just 49c plus postage. Check No. 593 on coupon!

MARRIAGE LICENSE FOOLER Fill in the names and have a lot of fun fooling your friends, and "kidding" them. It's a simulated printed Marriage License, size of the usual genuine license. Price only 15c. Ask for Marriage License Fooler. Order by No. 162.

CRAZY MIRROR Hilarious new novelty! Distorts face into amazing shapes! Gets more laughs than anything you've ever seen. Makes new friends, amuses old! Get one today. Just 29c. Check No. 564 on coupon below.

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Simply state item desired and price and mail your order to HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. 430 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. If cash comes with order, we pay postage; if C.O.D. postage is extra. Every item is fully guaranteed and may be returned in 10 days for refund if not satisfied. If you only want a FREE CATALOG, write name and address on a penny postcard.

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<input type="checkbox"/> 641 RADIO MIKE.....	1.49
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<input type="checkbox"/> 142 LIARS MEDAL.....	.25
<input type="checkbox"/> 609 SQUIRT RING.....	.69
<input type="checkbox"/> 522 FRIENDSHIP RING.....	2.49
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<input type="checkbox"/> 582 DRIBBLE GLASS.....	.49
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KIT 5 Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.

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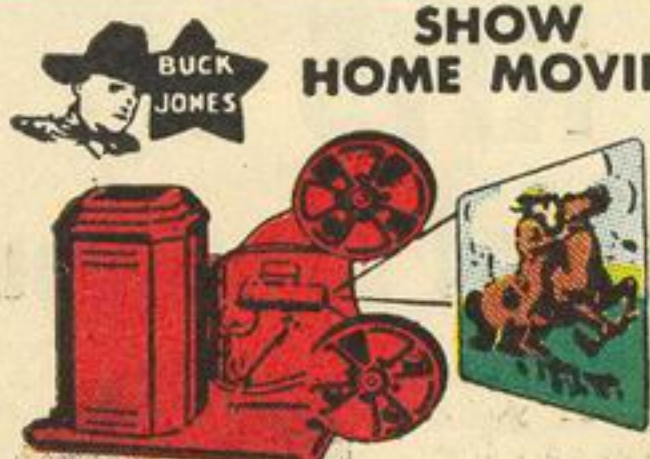
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